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FLYING THE DUKE OF YORK'S STANDARD: H.M.S. "RENOWN," WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS ON BOARD, LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR FOR THE VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

The battle-cruiser "Renown," with the Duke and Duchess of York on board, left Portsmouth on January 6 for the voyage to Australia and New Zealand, watched by great crowds that had gathered on shore to give them a hearty send-off. The "Renown" was escorted until sunset by four destroyers, and five flying boats flew ahead of her as far as St. Catherine's Point. During the first night at sea the weather was somewhat rough, and in the Bay of Biscay heavy waves broke over

the bows, but later the conditions improved. On January 10 the "Renown" arrived at Las Palmas, capital of the Canaries. "The mile journey by barge to the shore," says a Central News message, "was made through a sea so rough that at one time it was feared disembarkation from the barge would be impossible. But in the end it was safely accomplished." The departure scenes, in London and Portsmouth, are illustrated on page 75.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A LITTLE while ago I lifted up my voice in this space to offer the belated tribute of a lifetime to Sherlock Holmes, and to that much more fascinating character, Dr. Watson. I think we have never been grateful enough for the fun we have had out of those famous tales. I hope to see the day when there shall be a statue of Sherlock Holmes in Baker Street, as there is a statue of Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Those are perhaps the only two figures in fiction who have in recent times really become legends, and, in days when paganism was positive instead of being, as it is now, merely negative, might have become gods. If I make this handsome offer, however hypothetically, to pour wine and honey and slaughter a bull or two before the statue of Sherlock Holmes, I shall not be accused of under-rating him. In fact, even the satire against him is a sort of sacrifice to him. He has been parodied, but he has always been imitated. He has been represented as a mountebank and a mystagogue, but everybody who has written a detective story has felt his long, angular shadow upon the page. I praise him; I praise his admirer; I praise the author of his admirer. May he live for ever!—which, by the series of magazine stories, seems quite likely. May his shadow on the blind never grow less!

After this salutation, I shall not be misunderstood if I say that, the other day, I suddenly saw through him. I saw not only through him, but through Watson; not only through Watson, but through the world of Watson; not only through the world of Watson, but through the world of Conan Doyle. I understood in an instant why that world is really all nonsense, and is often all the more a nonsensical world because it is a real world. Indeed, it prides itself on being a very realistic world. It calls itself scientific; sometimes it even brags of being materialistic. It is all that world which may correctly be called the World of Watson; the world of solid English common-sense, of "being a practical man," of standing no nonsense, and all the rest of the nonsense. It was summed up in a single phrase in one of the last Sherlock Holmes stories. The unfortunate Watson was doing his best to obey the directions which his mentor always gave him, and to describe in detail some situation in which he had found himself; and he explained how he had climbed over a brick wall beautifully covered with moss. And Sherlock Holmes said to him sternly: "Cut out the poetry, Watson."

Now, that gives the whole show away. To understand its deadly and destructive revelation, we must refer for a moment to the circumstances. I may explain that in these last stories of Sherlock Holmes, though they are not generally so good as the earlier ones, there is at least one rather interesting demonstration. Sherlock Holmes does demonstrate one fact triumphantly: that he cannot do without Watson. He

demonstrates it by trying to tell two stories himself. It is quite startling to observe how stale and dull those stories sound. It is quite thrilling to realise how entirely the point of the stories had depended on the Watsonian notes of exclamation. It is true, though the art critics do say so, that every short story must have an atmosphere. The atmosphere of these stories was the glamour of Watson's inexhaustible power of wonder. In themselves they are next to nothing. A thousand snubs have been at last retaliated. Watson is avenged.

The next thing to realise is that Sherlock Holmes is not really a real logician. He is an ideal logician

But he gives himself away badly over the moss and the brick wall.

As a matter of mere logic, it is obvious that if all details may be of importance, the moss may just as well turn out to be as important as the bricks. The remarkable affair of the Crooked Toothpick may, of course, be found to turn on the wall being made of bricks and not of stone; but it may also be found to turn on the wall being covered with moss and not with ivy. The Adventure of the Inverted Egg-Cup may involve discovering Dr. Moriarty pulling out the bricks to drop on the banker; but it may also involve discovering him poisoning the moss in order to murder

the botanist. The whole point of the Sherlockian theory, as addressed to Watson, was that he was to notice *everything*. Why the devil should not the poor brute be allowed to notice moss? The answer is that the whole of this business of the ideal logician is not logical, but only ideal. It is a purely artistic creation, and appeals to the imagination and not the reason. That is where it is so singularly English. Holmes is posing as a hard-headed person; and he has to prefer bricks, because they are hard, to moss because it is soft. Moss sounds sentimental, though it is not really any more sentimental than monkey-trees or mango plants. Bricks sound practical, though they need not be of practical use in a particular inquiry, which may turn much more on the question of moss.

Now, what is the matter with the whole legend and tradition of The Practical Man, as practised and preached in this country for the last hundred years, is that he is a practical man of that sort. The practical man is not practising; he is only posing. He is talking about things that sound practical, such as money and monkeys and materialism and the idea that everything comes from mud. But he does not really reason logically about these things, and he does not really act sensibly upon them. He has a simple and not unkindly vanity which makes him like the idea of being regarded as a ruthless realist. He wishes to be thought inflexible and even inhuman; but the dear fellow is really very human indeed. He is delicately flattered when told that he is "a machine." He flushes with gratification when falsely informed that he is as cold-blooded as a fish. He utters the word "moss" with withering contempt and

the word "bricks" with grim scientific interest. He tells his best friend to cut out the poetry, and feels that he has justified his high and exalted claim to be absolutely prosaic. But in all this he is really being purely poetical. He is being a poet; he is being a poem. He is being the most delightful detective of romance. But he is dreaming; he is imagining; he is not thinking. I began these words by hoping that his shadow may never grow less, and I say so again at the end. But I am tempted to think that his other name is Oberon and he is the king of shadows.



A NEW ART TREASURE FOR THE NATION: A RARE ELEVENTH-CENTURY RELIEF OF THE VIRGIN, ALMOST THE ONLY BYZANTINE CARVING OF CERTAIN DATE.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has just acquired, from the Abbey of Heiligenkreuz in Austria, this circular relief, in the rare green porphyry quarried near Sparta, representing the Virgin in prayer, a work of the highest importance for the history of art. Apart from its great beauty, it is almost the only Byzantine carving that can be dated with complete certainty; round the edge is a Greek inscription invoking the Virgin's help for Nicephorus Botaniates, Emperor at Constantinople from 1078 to 1081 A.D. The relief, though comparatively few people can have seen it hitherto, is already known to students of Byzantine art, and has more than once been described, but, as a rule, with inaccurate references and always with very inadequate reproductions. Nothing is known of its early history, but an engraving of it was published in 1661 by Chiffet, when it was at Lyons in the collection of the famous antiquary, Gaspard de Monconys, Seigneur de Liègues, from whom the Archduke Leopold-William of Austria desired to purchase it. After disappearing until the middle of the nineteenth century it was then rediscovered in the Monastery of Heiligenkreuz. It is one of the most important portable examples of Byzantine art in existence, and takes its place among the greatest treasures of its school and period in the Museum.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

imagined by an illogical person. Everything admires its complement; and the stolid British mind calls up pure intelligence as a sort of spectre or vision. The French, for instance, who have that sort of intelligence, would never think of idealising it. Where every cabman and café waiter is in the habit of thinking, they would never regard a man as a magician because he thinks. But Sherlock Holmes is an ideal figure, and in an imaginative sense a very effective one. He does embody the notion which unreasonable people entertain of what pure reason would be like.

GOOD-BYE TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

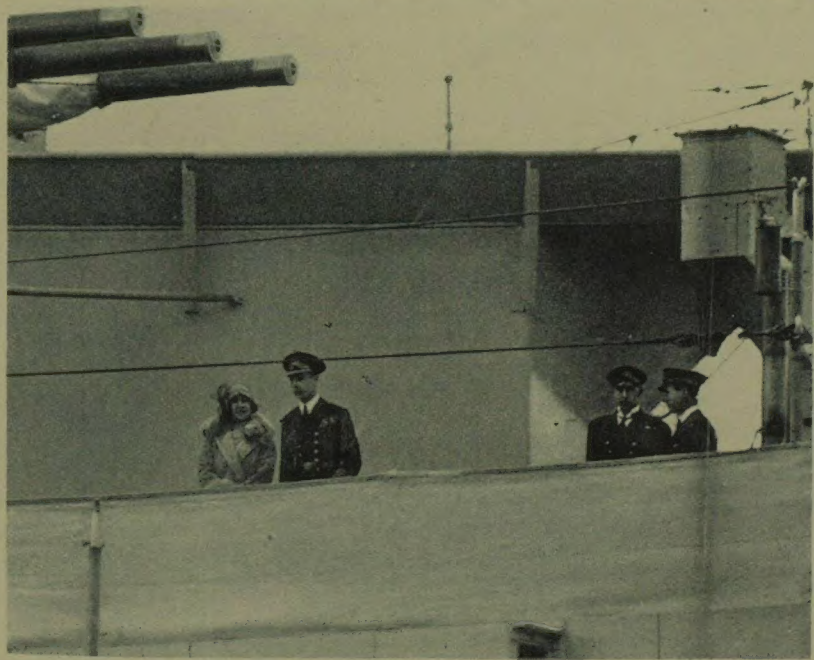
FAREWELL SCENES IN LONDON AND AT PORTSMOUTH.



LEAVE-TAKINGS
AT VICTORIA: A
GROUP INCLUDING
(LEFT TO RIGHT)
PRINCE GEORGE,
THE PRINCE OF
WALES, THE
DUCHESS OF YORK,
THE QUEEN, THE
EARL OF STRATH-
MORE, THE KING,
MR. BALDWIN AND
MR. BRIDGEMAN.



LEAVING THEIR LONDON HOME IN BRUTON STREET AFTER SAYING GOODBYE
TO THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF YORK WALKING TO THEIR CAR.



TAKING A FAREWELL LOOK AT PORTSMOUTH AND THE CROWDS ASSEMBLED
TO GIVE THEM A HEARTY SEND-OFF: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK
ON BOARD THE "RENOWN" AS SHE MOVED AWAY



A FAREWELL CHAT ON THE DECK OF THE "RENOWN" JUST BEFORE SHE
SAILED: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE GEORGE, AND THE
DUCHESS OF YORK.



THE PRINCE OF WALES GIVES HIS SISTER-IN-LAW A FAREWELL KISS: A
HAPPY SNAPSHOT OF THE PRINCE AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK ON BOARD
THE "RENOWN" AT PORTSMOUTH.

The Duke and Duchess of York set out for their tour to Australia and New Zealand on January 6. They left their London home at 17, Bruton Street, after saying goodbye to their baby daughter, Princess Elizabeth, and motored without ceremony to Victoria, where the party gathered to see them off included the King and Queen, with other members of the Royal Family, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore (parents of the Duchess), the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. Bridgeman), and a distinguished company of Ministers and officials. The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George travelled in the train with the Duke and Duchess to Portsmouth, and said goodbye to them on the deck of the battle-cruiser. As the ship moved away, the Duke and Duchess first appeared on the captain's bridge, but, finding themselves too far from the jetty, they returned to the promenade deck above their own quarters, and there acknowledged the hearty greetings of the great crowds assembled to bid them farewell. A photograph of the "Renown" leaving the jetty is given on the front page of this number.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. AND C.N.]

A GOLD-MINE OF STORIES: ROMANCES OF THE FLEMISH ART EXHIBITION.

By EMILE CAMMAERTS, F.R.Hist.S., the eminent Belgian Poet and Historian.

THE Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art, at the Royal Academy, is a gold-mine of stories that concern either the pictures themselves or the people portrayed by the artists; but the First Gallery, including works belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, may be taken as a good example of the anecdotal interest of the whole display.

The very first number, representing a series of scenes from the life of the Virgin (see illustration on this page) is a case in point. Scholars have been

reliable tradition, this invaluable work—the most treasured possession of the Bruges Museum—was purchased for a paltry sum, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, in the town's fish market. There are two versions of this story. According to one, a fishwife, following an old custom, brought this picture with her to market in order to try and sell it to one of her customers. According to another—which appears rather apocryphal, if one considers the size of the panel and its marvellous state of preservation—the fishwife, who was in the habit of cleaning her fish on the back of the picture, lifted it one day to show to one of her clients "the funny old woman" which was painted at the back. This First Gallery evokes

more vividly than any history book the civilisation of the fifteenth century in the Netherlands, at a time when the country played such an important part in European history, under the Dukes of Burgundy, and when she enjoyed an exceptional economic and artistic development.

John the Fearless appears to us, portrayed either by Van Eyck or by one of his best pupils (No. 2 on the opposite page).

legitimate son and successor. The latter does not appear on the walls of the First Gallery, but may be seen in the Octagon Room, kneeling in front of St. George.

This group, in solid gold, the faces and hands only being enamelled, forms a reliquary presented in 1471 by the Duke to the cathedral of Liège as a peace offering.

Beside the Princes appear the nobles: Philippe de Croy (No. 41), who, with his brothers, endeavoured to increase their influence by stirring up dissensions between Philip and Charles; and young Martin van Nieuwenhoven (No. 61), lost in contemplation before the Virgin and Child. Both portraits form one wing of one of those diptychs which such noble lords liked to carry with them in their expeditions and to place in their private oratories. It would be interesting to trace the vicissitudes of the "de Croy diptych." How long ago was it divided? Into what hands did the donor and the Madonna pass before finding their resting place, the first in the Antwerp Museum, the other in the Huntington Collection (U.S.A.)?

The great lords were not the only patrons of Van der Weyden and Memlinc. We meet also in the First Gallery the Florentine medallist, Niccolò di Sforzore Spinelli, employed by Charles the Bold on several occasions (No. 53), and a rich merchant of Bruges, Guillaume Moreel, with his wife, Barbara de Vlandenberg (Nos. 3 and 4, opposite page). Memlinc received important orders from Moreel. The Hospital Saint Jean (Bruges) possesses a portrait of the eldest daughter of the family, while the father with his five sons and the mother with her eleven daughters are pictured on the wings of the master's great triptych in the Musée Communal.

The fifteenth-century Flemish masters are usually called the "Primitives." If this term implies a



puzzled for many years by the problem of the origins of the art of the brothers Van Eyck, who were formerly considered as the inventors of oil-painting. When one thinks of the relative poverty of the fourteenth-century school in the Low Countries, it is somewhat difficult to explain how Hubert and Jan Van Eyck succeeded so rapidly in mastering their art. Any scrap of painting belonging to the pre-Van Eyck period is, therefore, of outstanding importance and of great material value.

A few months ago, a lady, living in a country house close to Hasselt, while tidying a large oak cupboard in the style of Louis XIV., noticed on the boards at the back some curious fragments of painting. The attention of Belgian and French experts was drawn to this discovery, and, after coming all the way from Brussels and Paris to examine the paintings, these experts came to the conclusion that they were the work of an artist belonging to the Limburg School of the late fourteenth century. The panel exhibited shows evident signs of the carelessness with which these precious paintings were treated. In some places the boards have been planed; in others, large holes have been bored in order to fix the supports.

Another recent and unexpected find in the same gallery (No. 12) is the "Last Judgment" (see opposite page, No. 1), which was last year in an obscure corner of the church of the small town of Diest. After being considered as being practically valueless, it was bought by the Belgian Government for £4600. Though opinions differ concerning the actual date of this picture, its style is evidently archaic, and it provides us with the best example of what Flemish painting must have been before the brothers Van Eyck and the artists of their school developed it to such a high degree of perfection.

Between the two pictures mentioned above hangs one of the finest portraits by Jan Van Eyck—the portrait of the artist's wife (No. 8). According to a



A PRECIOUS PAINTING DISCOVERED ON THE BACK OF AN OLD OAK CUPBOARD, PARTLY PLANED AWAY AND BORED WITH HOLES FOR SUPPORTS: "SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN" (FLEMISH SCHOOL, ABOUT 1400) IN THE EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH AND BELGIAN ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—TWO ALMOST CONTINUOUS SECTIONS OF THE WORK.

The interesting story of the discovery of this precious example of early Flemish art is told by M. Emile Cammaerts on this page. Other pictures with anecdotes attaching to them are reproduced on the page opposite. We reproduce the above painting in two sections, in order to show the detail on a larger scale. The right-hand end of the upper section is almost continuous (in the original) with the left-hand end of the lower section, except that a small intermediate portion, with another bare patch planed away, has been omitted.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

He may be considered as the first Belgian Sovereign, because he pursued a policy distinct from that of the French Kings, and succeeded in adding to his own country of Flanders the Duchies of Brabant and Limburg. He was responsible, in 1407, for the murder of the Duke d'Orleans, his arch-enemy at the French Court, and he was himself murdered, twelve years later, by the followers of his victim.

We miss John's successor, Philip the Good, but we find one of his sons, "Antoine Grand Bâtard de Bourgogne," painted by Van der Weyden (No. 37). Philip enjoyed a great popularity because he restored order and succeeded in defending, through diplomatic methods rather than through warlike expeditions, the interests of his subjects. He combined, somehow, a great religious devotion with an intense artistic culture and a promiscuous attachment to a great number of beautiful women. This portrait of Antoine was long considered as a portrait of Charles the Bold, Philip's

simple character and rough manners, it is certainly wrongly applied to a period of great complexity and the utmost refinement. The festivities which took place on the occasion of the marriage of Margaret of York to Charles the Bold were certainly neither simple nor patriarchal. One of the main attractions was a large wooden tower, forty feet high, around which moved a great number of mechanical animals such as monkeys, wolves, and boars, a gigantic whale, and several elephants. Refreshments were provided by a pelican "spouting hippocras from his beak."

Neither can it be said that intellectual international relations were less developed at this period than they are to-day. The gallery in which we find ourselves provides two notable proofs of their existence: the portrait of Lionello d'Este (No. 25) painted by Van der Weyden when he went to Italy (1449-1450), and the portrait of Sir John Donne and his wife by Memlinc on the famous "Chatsworth triptych" (No. 47).

ROMANTIC PICTURES: STORIED PAINTINGS IN THE FLEMISH EXHIBITION.

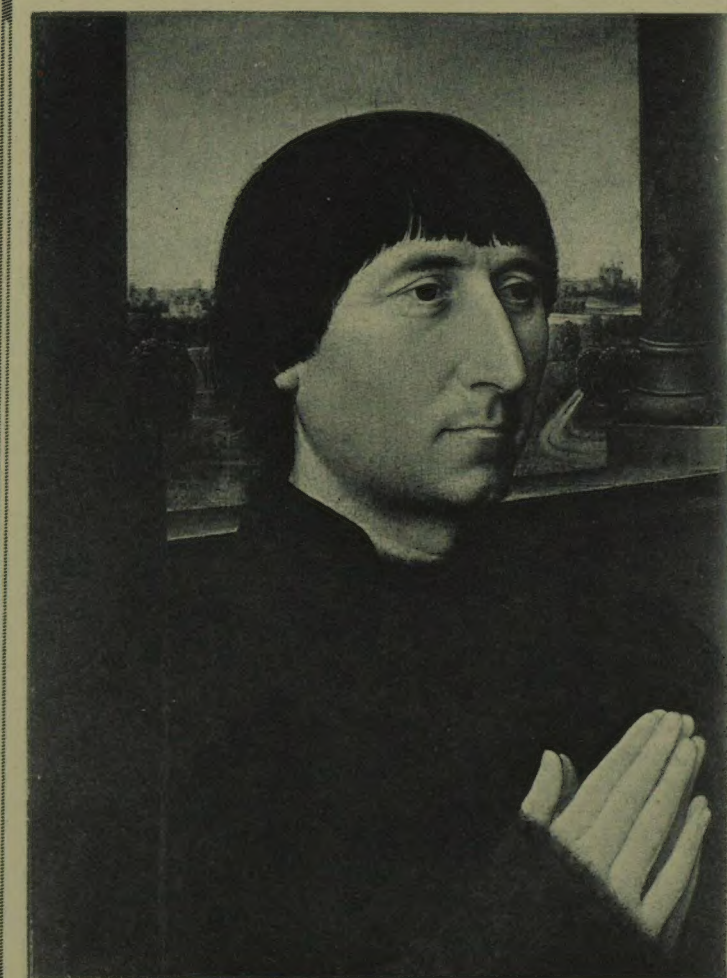
PHOTOGRAPHS OF NOS. 1 AND 2 SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS.



1. FORMERLY RELEGATED TO AN OBSCURE CORNER OF A PROVINCIAL CHURCH AND LATER BOUGHT BY THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT FOR £4600: "THE LAST JUDGMENT" (EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY).



2. THE FIRST DISTINCTIVELY BELGIAN RULER, WHOSE POLICY DIVERGED FROM THE FRENCH KINGS: "JOHN THE FEARLESS, DUKE OF BURGUNDY" (EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY FLEMISH).



3. A RICH MERCHANT OF BRUGES WHO GAVE THE PAINTER VERY IMPORTANT COMMISSIONS: "GUILLAUME MOREEL"—A PORTRAIT BY HANS MEMLINC, LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY THE BRUSSELS MUSEUM.



4. MOTHER OF FIVE SONS AND ELEVEN DAUGHTERS: "BARBARA DE VLAENDERBERCH, WIFE OF GUILLAUME MOREEL" (SEE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION)—A PORTRAIT BY HANS MEMLINC.

In his article on the opposite page, M. Emile Cammaerts, the well-known Belgian poet and *littérateur*, who resides in this country, stresses the anecdotal and historical side of the great Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art now on view at the Royal Academy. We reproduce above four of the pictures about which he has such interesting things to say. Several of the others which he mentions were illustrated in our last issue—namely, the portraits of Antony, Grand

Bastard of Burgundy, Philippe de Croy, and Lionello d'Este, by Roger Van der Weyden; and that of Martin Van Nieuwenhoven, by Hans Memlinc. M. Cammaerts, we may add, has made his home in England since 1908. Besides many books of poems and a history of Belgium, he has published four volumes of translations from Ruskin into French, and one volume from the writings of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

A "TICKET" FOR BANDITS: A DOCTOR AND "RED-BEARDS."

"TEN WEEKS WITH CHINESE BANDITS." By HARVEY J. HOWARD, M.D.*

DR. HOWARD owes his life to his cash value, his medical skill, and his protective properties; finally, in fact, he was a "ticket," a *piao*, whose production at the psychological moment meant freedom for those "presenting" him. Taken prisoner in Heilung-chiang Province by a gang of *hung hutes*, those Chinese bandits who have inherited the name of "Red-beards" from the eighteenth and nineteenth century Russians who despoiled the Chinese settlers in Siberia, he was in the shadow of death for some ten weeks. Hai Feng, "Leader of the Band," wrote to the Manchurian Development Company, saying: "Gentlemen, Mr. Palmer has been killed by us. The American who has been captured by us is held only to be ransomed with money and ammunition. A period of ten days is allowed during which he can be ransomed. Should this matter still receive no attention in this time, the American will be shot and we shall certainly keep our word. It is earnestly hoped that you will, immediately upon receipt of this note, make up your mind what to do, and not assume an attitude of indifference."

And the robbers did not wait long before making their first grim "gesture." The captive was told that he was going to be shot because he had no money and no friends, and he was placed by a Chinese coffin, against a wall; and there was a firing squad. It looked like the end—then Tso Shan realised that the prisoner might have friends. Dr. Howard was taken into a barracks and bargaining began. A start was made at fifty thousands dollars. In due time, this was reduced to ten thousand.

With such a prospect of ransom, the bandits changed their attitude. They had hustled their "bag" along with them, and he had had a painful ride, and a particularly harrowing night trying to sleep on a wood pile in the sickening atmosphere of opium. Now they offered him a bath. As a result, the Doctor notes: "They were amazed at the whiteness of my skin, and referred to it as being 'one hundred-and-twenty per cent. clean.' They wanted to know the meaning of the Greek letters outlined by scars on my left shoulder. When I tried to explain that I had received them years ago, as part of a programme of initiation into a college fraternity, they became curiously interested. They asked if that meant that I had formerly belonged to a band of American *hung hutes*"—this possibly suggested by the brigand-mark, a tiny black spot on each forearm near the elbow, sported by the younger bandits. The talk then turned upon doctoring, and the prisoner began to practise—so successfully that, in the middle of the night, there came a queer offer. "Suddenly I felt a tapping on my knee," records Dr. Howard, "and looking down I saw three bandits standing at the foot of my 'bed.' They motioned for me to sit up. In confidential tones they told me that they had come representing a number of the bandits who had been talking matters over during the evening. They had understood that I had, at one time, belonged to a band of *hung hutes* in America. They would not ask questions. But they had concluded that it was probably on that account that I had been compelled to leave my own country, and in consequence had come to China. They recognised that physically I was large, and judging from the manner in which I had attacked them the day before, they agreed that I was afraid of nothing. Furthermore, I was educated, could speak Chinese, and understood how to heal wounds and diseases. I was, therefore, just the man to be their chief. It was an elective position among them.... They would come for my answer in the morning."

The next strange thing was the arrival of the band's opium-collector. "It was his business to exact this form of tribute from the farmers living in this district. He had come to report.... I was beginning to learn that this band had a company organisation, with its officers, its bank account, and its own system of records and book-keeping.... The opium-collector was accompanied by a coolie who carried two baskets. From these baskets the collector removed two hundred and seventy-four ounces

of crude opium. Each ounce was about the size of a hen's egg, and was rolled in oiled paper. Immediately a howl of disappointment and anger went up from the bandits standing around. They had expected much more than that. Why such a small amount? The collector was not perturbed. He calmly put out his hand to quiet the disturbance, and then told them the reason why. Last week a troop of soldiers had visited his district, and had threatened to cut down the poppy plants in all the fields. In order to avoid that calamity, he and the farmers decided to compromise with the soldiers. They had been compelled to give these upholders of the law one-half of

As it happened, dawn brought news of pursuing soldiery and a report of a thousand men encircling the camp; the while there were swamp fires designed to destroy the band's cover. And the same afternoon Jih Pen Tzu sent for the doctor. He had trachoma severely. Dr. Howard treated him and, as fee, begged to be allowed to live in his hut and to sleep under his mosquito tent. The prisoner had played his cards well. "Jih Pen Tzu needed my help so urgently," he notes, "that I felt quite certain that he would make Hai Feng see that I was of some importance to the bandits after all. Hai Feng sent for me and told me... he would give my friends another chance to ransom me."

By this time Dr. Howard's hair and beard had grown to such an extent that he was dubbed "Old Hairy One" and, curiously enough, he found that the venerable appearance caused by his "rapidly advancing years" gained him increased respect.

Then came terrible hours—and nightmare journeyings. Three messengers arrived from officialdom, to discuss the prisoner's release; and a fourth, who had a proclamation stating that the soldiers were commanded to take the bandits, dead or alive, if they did not bring back the American doctor to the ranch at once. A price was placed upon the heads of twenty-five or thirty of the leading bandits.

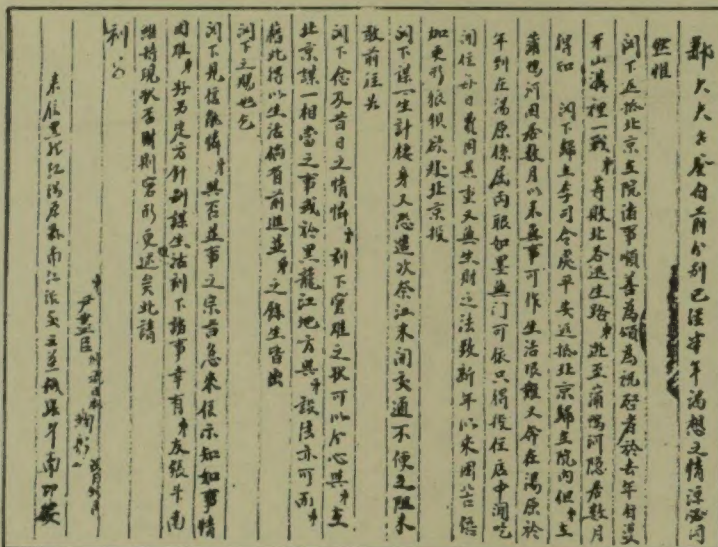
"From now on, it was war to the death in which no quarter would be given on either side. Would they let me go? Never! Certainly not, as long as they had these threats hanging over them."

The captive was more valuable than ever: "In all of their negotiations with the generals and officials for my release," he says, "the bandits always referred to me as their *piao*, which translated means 'ticket.'"

Flight began, with the mountains in Kirin Province as objective. The way was horrible; and it revealed the fiend in the brigands. "Two of the bandits were in considerable distress during the last two or three hours of the march, and were lagging more and more behind. We waited in the rain a long time for one of them. When he finally came up, I realised from his grey countenance and his laboured breathing that his heart was in bad condition. Shuang Shan calmly told him that his bandit days had better be over. The pale, gasping *hung hute* understood. Without a word he took his rifle, went around the bend of the river, and disappeared in the marsh grass. Presently a shot rang out. We knew that his bandit days were over, forever."

And, after the crossing of the Sungari River, it was worse for the captive Mr. Chu, formerly comrade of the steamer *Ta Hsing*. He was tottering with fatigue. "Shuang Shan stopped the procession and called for an ax and a spade. He ordered one of his men to dig a grave. Mr. Chu, in a half-dazed condition, was lying on the grass only a few feet away. When the grave was ready, the bandit leader commanded the trembling man to get into it. He naturally refused, so Shuang Shan picked him up bodily and threw him in. Then giving him a vicious kick, he snatched up the ax. Up to this point I had thought that the whole procedure was intended only to frighten the man. But it suddenly dawned upon me that Shuang Shan's intention was more than that. As he raised his ax, I gave a yell and leaped towards him. Shuang Shan... stared at me incredulously for a moment, and then ordered me to stand back. He raised his ax again, and I turned my head. My eyes refused to see what my ears then heard. Ten times the ax crashed upon Mr. Chu's skull. When I turned my head back, the dirt was piled up where the hole had

been, and Mr. Chu was nowhere to be seen." Dr. Howard had, indeed, his stars to thank that he had friends powerful enough to engineer his deliverance by the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces for the Suppression of Bandits in the Mountains and Forests of Heilung-chiang Province and the Commander-in-Chief for the Suppression of Bandits in the Great Open Spaces of Heilung-chiang Province! For the rest, it must be added that his book is a most interesting document, an astonishing revelation of Far-Eastern outlawry and its apparent immunity from fitting punishment. E. H. G.

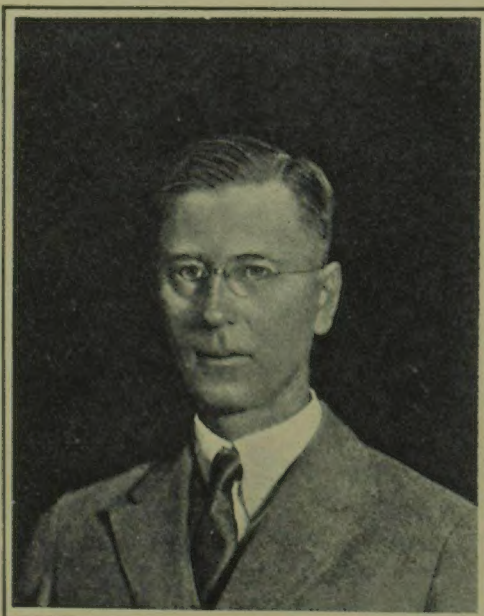


A BANDIT'S LETTER: JIH PEN TZU'S REQUEST THAT DR. HOWARD SHOULD FIND HIM WORK.

The "old" bandit commander, Jih Pen Tzu, shared his tent with Dr. Howard for sixty days, and, indeed, made his life bearable during his captivity. Dr. Howard was captured on July 20, 1925. The letter is dated March 15, 1926.

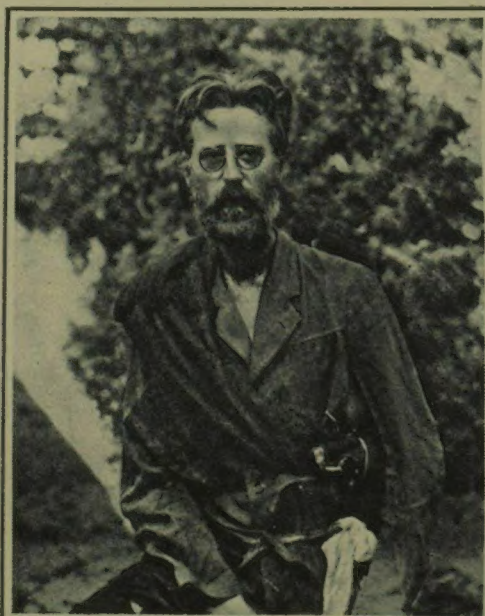
Reproduced from "Ten Weeks with Chinese Bandits," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, Ltd.

all that had already been collected, and to promise a share of the opium which would be collected later." Followed, exhausting trekking—the bandits ever in fear of revengeful soldiery—and arrival at a roofless fort. "We passed in through the front entrance," Dr. Howard writes, "and after following a crooked alley-way which took us out through the back entrance of the fort, we came to the bank of a large pond.... At the edge of this pond lay a small junk about fifty feet long, with a lowered mast." The prisoner had to share an eight-foot-



BEFORE AND AFTER HIS TEN WEEKS' CAPTIVITY WITH CHINESE BANDITS: DR. HARVEY J. HOWARD.

Reproduced from "Ten Weeks with Chinese Bandits," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, Ltd.



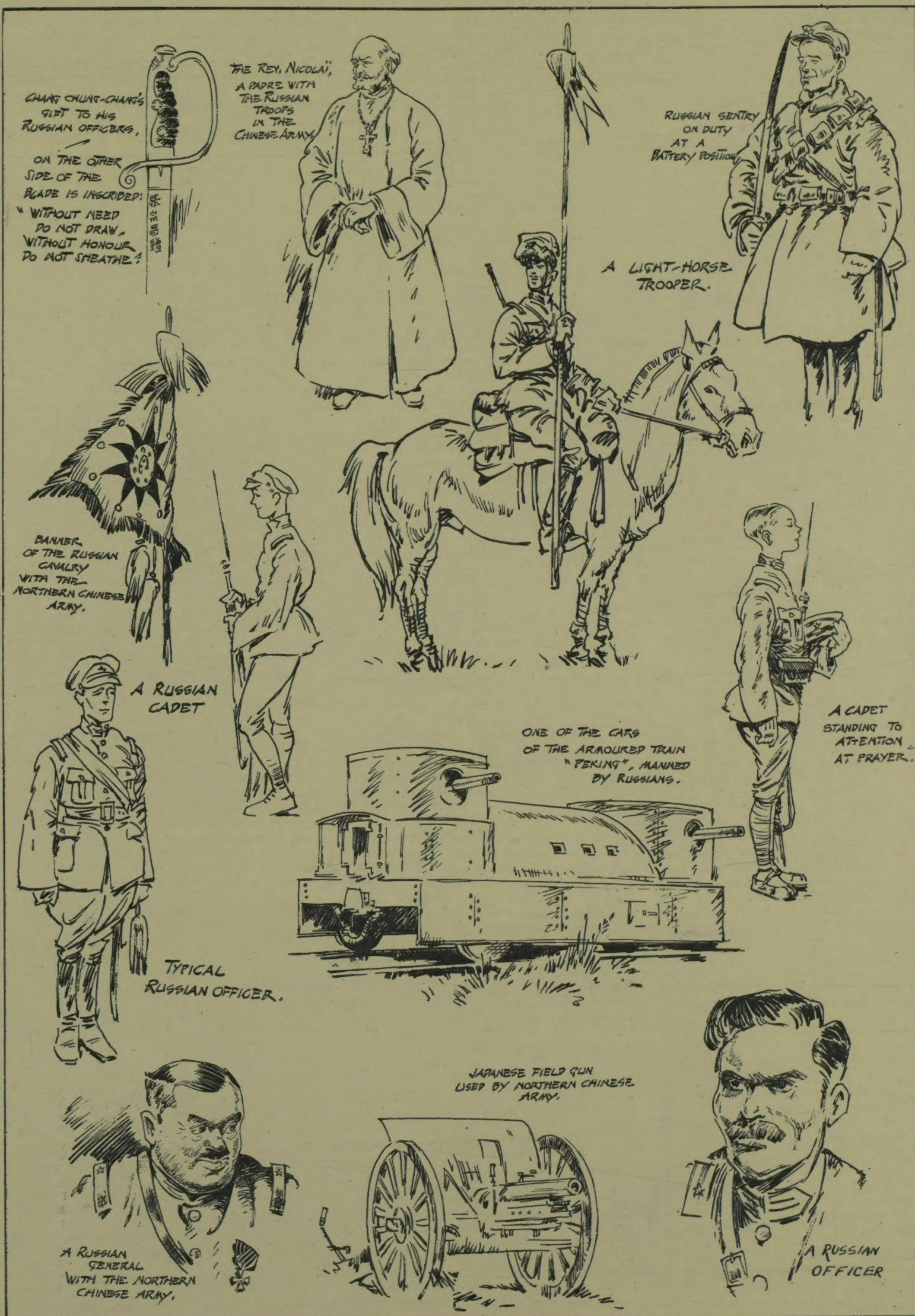
square cabin with seven bandits, one of them wounded. Seven native captives were in a smaller adjoining compartment.

Days passed: "It was a beautiful, quiet evening.... Someone touched me on the arm. I turned to find Hai Feng sitting beside me. He leaned over and slowly said, 'To-morrow is the tenth day. You remember that I gave your friends until then to ransom you. If by to-morrow night they have not replied, we shall be compelled to carry out our vow—our vow to shoot you.'"

* "Ten Weeks with Chinese Bandits." By Harvey J. Howard, M.D., Professor of Ophthalmology, Peking Union Medical College. With Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs by the Author. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 8s. 6d. net.)

RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR WITHIN CHINA'S: "WHITES" OF THE NORTH.

SKETCHES BY "SAPAJOU," MADE AT THE NORTHERN CHINESE ARMY HEADQUARTERS AT TSINANFU.



"WHITE" RUSSIANS IN NORTH CHINA FIGHTING SOUTHERN "REDS": RUSSIAN TYPES AT TSINANFU.

The Russian civil war of "Whites" v. "Reds" has been transferred to China, and forms, as it were, a war within a war. "Tsinanfu," the capital of Shantung," writes the artist who made these drawings there last November, "serves as a residence for the Tupan of this province—Marshal Chang Chung-Chang—and now stands as an important military outpost of Northern China against the oncoming wave of the Bolshevized South. Among the troops in Tsinanfu a prominent place is occupied by the Russian detachment. Colonel Sidemonidze, commander of the infantry,

after a battle with the Kuominchun, was presented by several villages with a gorgeously embroidered umbrella in gratitude for their defence.... There are approximately 3000 Russians incorporated into the Shantung army. . . A military school for Russian young men has been established in command of a General Staff officer. The course takes eighteen months, and military science is taught on up-to-date lines. The Tupan has presented the school with a banner—an honour usually accorded in the Chinese Army only to victorious armies and high commanders."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

YEAR-END REFLECTIONS.—"BEHIND THE BEYOND."

THE diagnosis of the theatrical year 1926 could be summarised in two brief statements: physical condition, precarious; mental state, sound and developing. Economically, our theatre, particularly that of London, is as unsound as ever. Inflated rents

however the croaker may wail, our theatre is progressive. It is forging ahead "towards the light." Its horizon has widened. We are no longer insular. We borrow the best things from abroad. We encourage the young author: a string of new names has sprung into prominence in 1926, whereas, curiously enough, the veterans have observed silence—only been heard in revivals (Shaw, Pinero, and so on). Galsworthy—not a veteran he, but in the equator of the ages—stands alone in his success of "Escape" among the great English dramatists of our time. It is too early to predict the future of the newcomers—one swallow does not make summer—but we feel that they are there, that they are growing to battalions. They ardently seek and find outlet. Little theatres are cropping up—and here is readiness of reception and enterprise. There reigns pleasant unrest among the young. They clamour to be heard—and heard they will be, if it be only in a corner off the map. And the wave is not only over London—it spreads all over the country. Even the villagers are awakening to the pleasures of acting.

As for the work of our actors—who would deny that it now ranks foremost in the world? There still may be in other countries greater individual stars—though who has filled the place of the Duses, the Bernhards, the Mounet-Sullys, the Bouwmeesters?—but it is our teamwork that is so fine; it is in the "middle course" of talent that we find such perfection, especially on the side of the women. We could always boast of our men actors. There was a time when we confessed to the paucity of temperament in our actresses. We had too many broad-and-butter misses, too many

imagination, there is in that fantasy as much material for topsy-turvydom as in the plot of the quaintest satire ever seen on our stage. From the very first the audience grasped the meaning of the author. Here was derision of all we read in novels and see in plays. Here was the grotesque exaggeration of all the actors do in comedy and in scenes of pathos. It was as if one saw Society, its poses, ways, manners, in a series of distorted mirrors—as if life and all its possibilities, tragic, comic, tragicomic, were laughed at. We had here the vale of tears as well as the joy of living, and the plot, too subtle and complicated to be told in detail, surpasses in seeming improbability even the most daring concoctions devised by mystery-play writers. And yet there is a grain of truth in all this nonsense.

In a disgruntled household of society people the husband finds his wife in the arms of a young friend of his. These two flee to Paris, and what does the husband who follows them discover: that the lover is his own son—result of an *amour de passage* of many years ago! For when his mother appears—the typical *grande dame* of haughty manners and a past—there is mutual recognition and—tableau! How the characters get out of their tangle we are not told—nor can we guess—but why worry when we have smiled and laughed to our heart's content, and remain thinking whether, in his mockery, the author has not only "got at" novelists and playwrights, but at his audience too, by baffling and see-sawing them betwixt the sublime and the ridiculous? Anyway, it is priceless fun, and there is here and there a touch of comic genius in the dialogue that sums up dramatic situations in a few words.

It seems very easy to act such a play: the actors, you surmise, have merely to let themselves go and act "in italics" all the time—lay it on trowel-wise. But there is the fallacy: it demands a great sense of humour and much finesse on the part of the interpreters—from Mr. Frank Birch, the husband, and Miss Valerie Taylor, exquisitely funny in the *bravura* of exaggeration, to Miss Georgina Wynter, who played the mother with as much grotesque grandness as she afterwards reincarnates the egotistic lady of quality of the eighteenth century in "Berkeley Square." Miss Wynter is a distinct acquisition, and one of the few who can vie with Miss Ellis Jeffreys in the portrayal of "great ladies" with a caustic tongue. "Behind the Beyond" is the most comic curtain-raiser since the "Pantomime Rehearsal."



MURDER AS THE RESULT OF A "BOOTLEGGING" GANG FEUD: STEVE CRANDALL (MR. BERNARD J. NEDELL) SHOOTS "SCAR" EDWARDS (MR. GERALD LUNDEGARD) IN THE PRESENCE OF DOLPH (MR. CARLO DE ANGELO), IN "BROADWAY," AT THE STRAND.

"Broadway," the new production at the Strand, is a drama of life in the underworld of New York. A feud flares up between two "bootlegging" gangs, and is played out in a cabaret. Steve Crandall shoots "Scar" Edwards as one might shoot a dog, but the detectives track down the deed with great skill. The play is being transferred to the Adelphi on Monday, January 24.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

showing no abatement whatever, often even increased by percentage on the takings; the cost of labour; the high salaries of the few compared with their box-office value; the immense charges of advertising, in order to reach the wider area; the still-growing expenditure on production and "props"—all renders theatrical enterprise a most hazardous game. If some have made money in 1926, despite frequent slumps, beginning with the strike, it is fair to assume that most theatres—or, I should rather say, *entrepreneurs* (for the landlords are thriving, whatever else may perish)—have done badly. A man-in-the-know computed the financial deficit of London in 1926 at no less than three-quarters of a million. Asked on what he based his calculations, he said: "Not counting the outlay for production—an item that for a simple play may begin with £800 to £1000, increasing, in the case of spectacular work, to £10,000 and even more—no London theatre can play at a profit if the receipts do not exceed £1500 per week." Which is true enough. And he added: "How many theatres on an average play to that sum?" Somebody said: "A dozen, at a rough guess." And he merely answered: "And what of the rest of them—some thirty in number?" Q.E.D. And as a parting shot he exclaimed: "I know a theatre where £27,000 has been lost in seven weeks (and I rather understate than exaggerate)." Who would be a theatrical speculator in these days? Somebody said "Mugs!" Still, the gamble flourishes; there are, even in the present conditions, not enough theatres to go round in London, although just before Christmas there was general complaint of "bad business," temporarily alleviated by the annual treats to the children home from school. But that is merely a flash in the pan. By the end of January another *malaise*, as usual, may set in, and then adieu to profits on paper. It occurs every year: it will occur so long as the overhead expenses remain heavy and disproportionate to the receipts. But the theatre is the realm of the siren; its seductive tunes ever entice willing victims to pay the piper.

That is the dark side of the question. Now let us turn to the other—the brighter one. Artistically,

pretty girls who were everything but actresses—good to look at, but little in the upper region, less red matter in the blood. And now—by what magic I don't know—we discover often and surprisingly that a new type of actress has come to court—the actress who not merely looks a part, but feels it. Formerly we could count the temperamental women on our stage on the fingers of our hands. Whenever one was casting a play, one, two, or three names occurred. They could act the part; no other could. That is no longer so. Here and there tribute to outward charm still overwhelms discrimination. Wherever that occurs there is failure—conspicuous and irredeemable. But it is the exception. The enterprising producer who is long-headed and not afraid of a fling constantly discovers a revelation (the case of Jean Forbes-Robertson is salient as an example). The material is there—it is ever abundant in the middle course, I repeat—opportunity is all that is wanted. And as the movement of the "little theatres" develops, so these opportunities will add to the actresses that "matter."

So much for 1926 and what its record means for the future. I have merely struck a few chords of reflection and consideration: linked together they should ring in the New Year in a melody of hope and promise on the ethical (alas! not the material) aspects of our theatre.

It is plucky of Mr. Rea to put the delicious persiflage of "Behind the Beyond," by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, in front of "Berkeley Square." For, with a little stretch of



THE CABARET GIRL, PEARL (MISS KAREN PETERSON), AVENGES THE DEATH OF HER LOVER BY SHOOTING THE MURDERER, STEVE (MR. BERNARD J. NEDELL): A SCENE IN "BROADWAY," AT THE STRAND.

In "Broadway," at the Strand, a vivid picture of life in the underworld of New York is presented, the actors in the drama being "bootleggers," cabaret girls, and detectives. Our photograph shows the girl Pearl about to mete out justice to the villain, Steve Crandall. He has shot her man, "Scar" Edwards, and she kills him in revenge. The detective knows the truth, but brings about a verdict of suicide. All the actors, with the exception of one girl, are Americans.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., C.N., WIDE WORLD, L.N.A., AND P. AND A.



THE START OF A "RECORD" 5500-MILE FLIGHT BY PRIVATE AEROPLANE-OWNERS IN LIGHT MACHINES: MESSRS. STACK AND LEETE, SINCE ARRIVED AT KARACHI, LEAVING STAG LANE IN THEIR STANDARD "MOTHS."



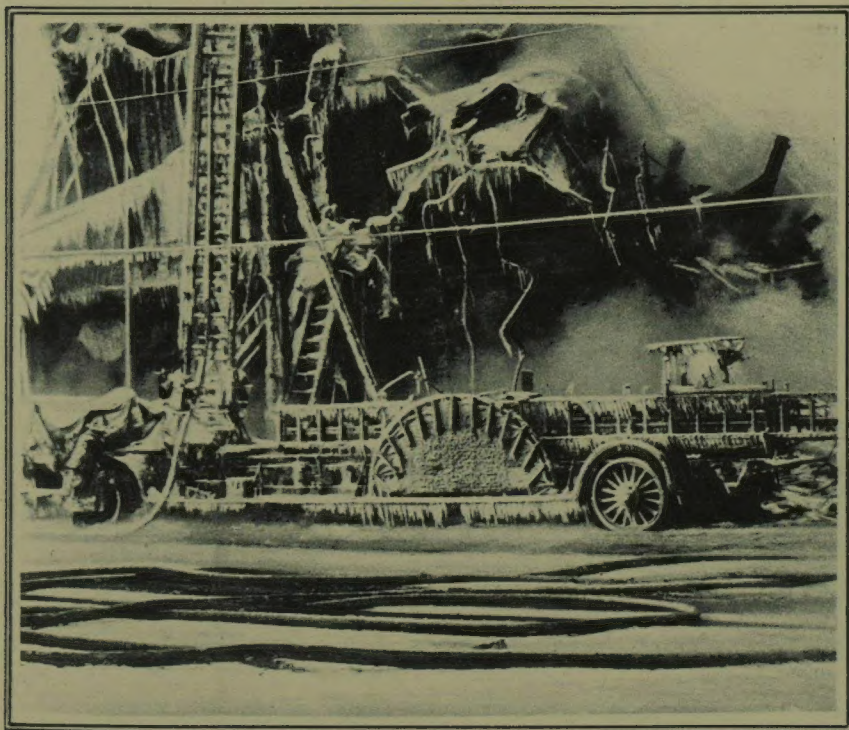
A NEW "TAXI-PLANE" SERVICE, AT SIXPENCE A MILE PER PASSENGER, TO BE RUN THIS YEAR: THE FIRST TAXI-PLANE ON THE "CAB RANK" AT STAG LANE AERODROME, NEAR EDGWARE.



PROBABLY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST AMPHITHEATRE: A NEW OPEN-AIR CHURCH BUILT ON MT. HELIX (1380 FT.) NEAR SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, FOR AN ANNUAL SUNRISE SERVICE

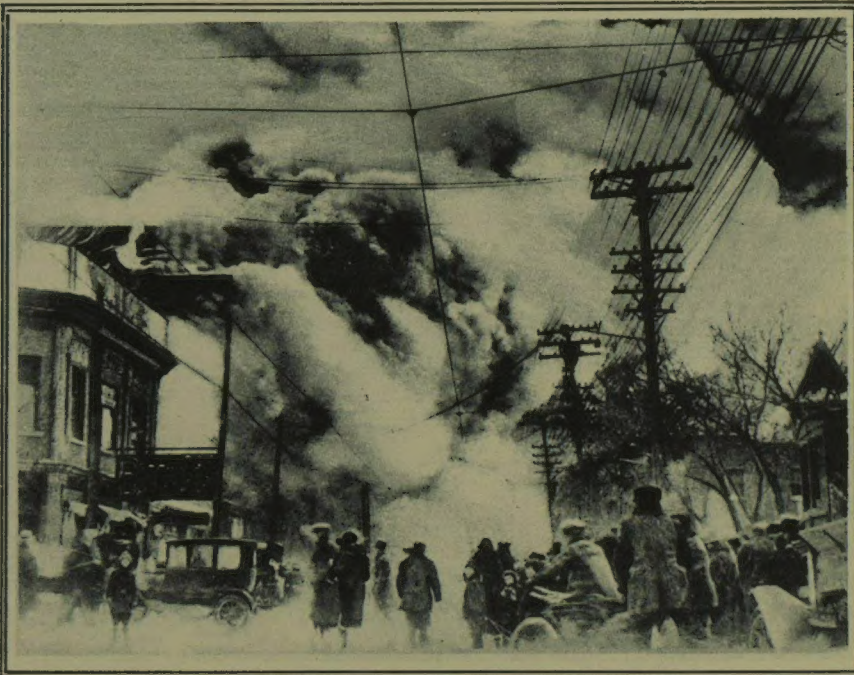


A MEXICAN RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL OBSERVED WITHOUT PRIESTS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN NEARLY 400 YEARS: MEXICAN AND INDIAN PILGRIMS ENTERING THE SHRINE OF GUADALUPE, NEAR MEXICO CITY, ON GUADALUPE DAY.



A FIRE-APPLIANCE UNDER ICE: THE HOOK-AND-LADDER TRUCK OF THE WINNIPEG BRIGADE PRESENTS A STRANGE ASPECT AT A THEATRE FIRE.

Mr. T. Neville Stack and Mr. B. S. Leete, two members of the Lancashire Aero Club, recently accomplished a wonderful flight of about 5500 miles from London to Karachi, India, in their own standard D.H. "Moth" machines, with 60-h.p. Cirrus engines. The flight was a remarkable testimony to the airmen's pluck and skill, and to the reliability of the British light aeroplane. They left the Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edgware, on November 15, and reached Karachi on January 8. Among this year's flying arrangements at Stag Lane is a new passenger service of taxi-planes, carrying four passengers, at sixpence a mile per person. Taxi-planes will also "ply for hire" along prescribed routes, ready to swoop down at



WHERE THREE FIREMEN WERE KILLED AND MANY INJURED BY THE COLLAPSE OF A WALL: THE BURNING OF THE WINNIPEG THEATRE.

a signal from a prospective passenger.—On the summit of Mt. Helix, twenty miles from San Diego, California, has been built an open-air church in the form of an amphitheatre of stone and concrete, to hold 2000 worshippers. It will be used only once a year, for sunrise services.—The Mexican festival in honour of the Virgin of Guadalupe, at the Shrine of Guadalupe, fifteen miles from Mexico City, was observed this year without priests, for the first time in some 400 years. Mexicans and Indians make pilgrimage thither.—The Winnipeg Theatre was burnt down on December 23, and three firemen were killed. In winter their work is difficult, as the water freezes at once and hangs in icicles.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE LARGE COPPER BUTTERFLY.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE roll of "departed species," so far as the British Islands are concerned, is a painfully long one—at any rate, when scanned by those of us who have an affection for our native birds and beasts and creatures of lesser degree—but yet profoundly interesting. But once these species have gone, are we justified in attempting to reintroduce them?

By way of an introduction to what is to follow, I want to comment on past achievements and failures towards this end in regard to our native game-birds. Somewhere round about 1760 the capercaillie ceased to be a "British bird." The process of extinction had already become an accomplished fact, so far as England was concerned, a hundred years before this. The last of their race, a race extending back into the mists of time, were the remnant left in the wilder regions of the Scottish Highlands.

Though as a table-bird but indifferently good, unless killed when young, its loss was deplored by sportsmen, for it was certainly the largest and finest of our game-birds. And so, in 1837, it was reintroduced into Perthshire from Sweden. The venture was completely successful—the capercaillie is once more a "British bird." Surely no one will object to this experiment? It is quite true that only a favoured few among us have ever seen this superb bird alive in its native wilds—I still look forward to that delight, but it rejoices me to know that it is there.

The smaller but singularly beautiful black-grouse in olden days ranged from Devon to the Highlands of Scotland, wherever suitable conditions obtained. Agriculture and the reclamation of waste land, however, have sadly broken up the continuity of its range. For it is now extinct in Wiltshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Surrey, Berks and Bucks, Norfolk and Suffolk. In some of these counties reintroduction has been tried, but in vain. The necessary conditions are wanting. Here, again, surely, these attempts at reintroduction into areas formerly inhabited, as well as the attempts to extend its range, are entirely meritorious.

And so, then, most people, probably, will hail with no small pleasure the news that a serious and carefully thought-out plan to reintroduce among us one of our long-lost butterflies—the Large Copper—was put into effect last summer. Early in the nineteenth century, it was becoming increasingly rare, so that specimens began to fetch a high price among collectors. And the scarcer it became, the more strenuous became the exertions to collect the very last one! This great feat was accomplished when, in 1847, five were taken in Holme Fen, Huntingdon. Of course, at the time, there could be no certainty that the species really had been "wiped out." The collector had to wait a bit to make sure that no one else would ever take this insect in Great Britain. How his breast must have swelled with pride when he at last realised that he had achieved the magnificent feat of "wiping out" the Large Copper in his native land. For these precious five would now become, if not exactly "priceless," at any rate of no small value. I do not love "collectors" of this type—and they are still a power for mischief in the land. Greedy and unscrupulous to an almost incredible extent, they bring discredit and contempt on all legitimate students of our native fauna.

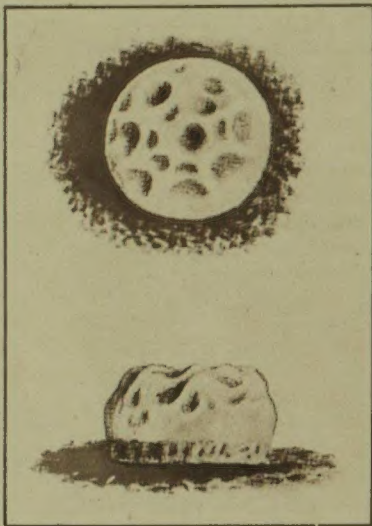


FIG. 1. LIKE A SWEETMEAT IN A CONFECTIONER'S WINDOW: THE EGG OF THE LARGE COPPER BUTTERFLY.

The egg of the Large Copper is of remarkable shape, and beautifully sculptured. When seen from the side—highly magnified—it looks rather like a specimen from a confectioner's window.—[After Frohawk.]

The attempt to restore to us our lost treasure was made during the summer of 1926, by certain members of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, who form the "Nature Protection Committee," in collaboration with a few entomologists. Mr. John Cator, a member of the Society, kindly allowed his marshes at Woodbastwick to be utilised for the experiment. Unfortunately, our own species, *Chrysophanus dispar*, does not, and apparently never did, occur outside the British Islands, and so it was necessary to start the new stock with its nearest Continental relative—*C. rutilus*. This, however, is a matter of no very great importance, for "rutilus" is but apparently a "variety" of our "dispar," differing only from the British form in relatively trivial details; such, for example, as in its "slightly smaller spots" and narrower orange band on the under-surface of the hind-wings. But there are some authorities who hold that "rutilus" was itself a British species, since it had already been taken in common with the typical form, "dispar," in the days of its plenty.

But be this as it may, this Continental form is so like our own typical Large Copper that none but an expert could distinguish between them. And so, then, a considerable number of pupæ were distributed over the marshes, in the most likely spots, and protected by special nets. The first imago emerged on July 1, and during this month about 550 butterflies were liberated from their protecting nets. At the end of July, and in bad weather, a single male was found; but a fair number of eggs (Fig. 1) were discovered on water-docks, the favourite food of the species. A month later the ground was inspected again, and about 150 larvæ were found, just ready to retire for their winter hibernation. This was rather disappointingly few, but the weather conditions had been against the experiment all the way through, for the marsh flowers were unusually late last year, and the butterflies had but a poor chance. However, the experiment is by no means over. It is to be repeated this year, and better luck may attend it.

The accompanying photograph (Fig. 2) can give but a feeble idea of this insect, since its gorgeous copper-red hue cannot be reproduced. But the interest in the insect does not begin and end with the appearance of the final butterfly stage. The larva, or "caterpillar," is a creature of quite exceptional interest; for, in the first place, it has the appearance not so much of a caterpillar as of

to the habits of the caterpillar, for the careful study of this stage in the life history was not made in the olden days. We owe much of what we know on this theme to Mr. F. W. Frohawk, the greatest historian we have yet had of our native butterflies. He suggests that this caterpillar, like that of the Large Blue, will be found to complete its development in the nests of ants.

At any rate, some larvæ imported from Germany and reared outdoors in this country were at once visited by ants, who greedily lick up the sweetness which exudes from the body of the caterpillar.

Before I close I want to say a word or two on another butterfly which has introduced itself into

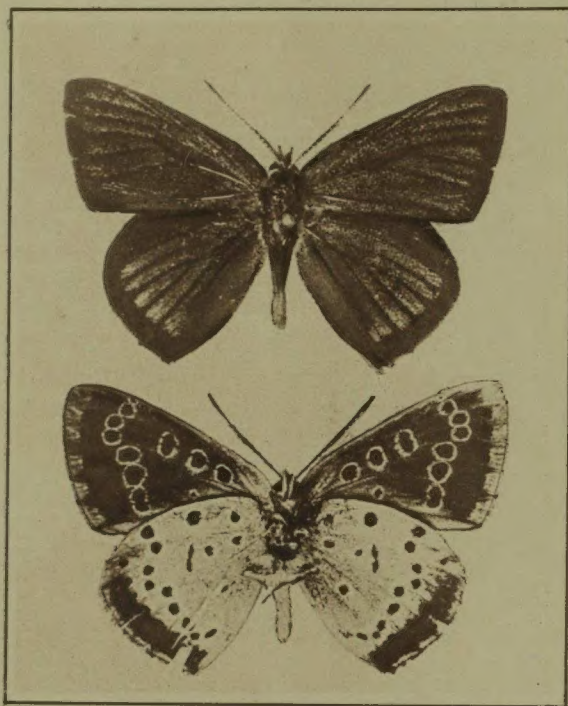


FIG. 2. A BRITISH SPECIES EXTERMINATED BY COLLECTORS AND NOW BEING REINTRODUCED: THE LARGE COPPER BUTTERFLY.

The Large Copper is a very handsome insect measuring about 1½ in. across the wings. Our British species was large and more richly coloured than its Continental relations.

England during recent years. This is the great Monarch butterfly, a native of North America (Fig. 3). It has always been held that this insect arrived, unassisted, save perhaps by favourable winds, from America. But grave doubt has now been cast on this hypothesis by the discovery, more recently, that they may have come to us as "stowaways."

At any rate, the purser of a steamer sailing between Norfolk, Va., and England told Mr. F. Buxton, an English entomologist, that before leaving port, in Virginia, there are always a lot of *Anesia plexippus* flying about the potato locker on deck—so many, indeed, that a considerable number get shut in, and live on such nourishment as they can extract from the potatoes. When they arrive in England they escape.

Hence then, after all, this large and handsome insect may have been artificially introduced, instead of having borne himself from "God's own country" to ours on his own wings. But, so far, this alien seems to have failed to establish itself, although it may yet succeed in doing so. Perhaps, as with the Painted Lady, it will prove permanently unable to hold its own unless reintroduced periodically. In the case of the Painted Lady we know that our stock is renewed by genuine migrants from the Continent. For, though a certain number succeed in breeding here, the native hatched specimens seem rapidly to disappear.

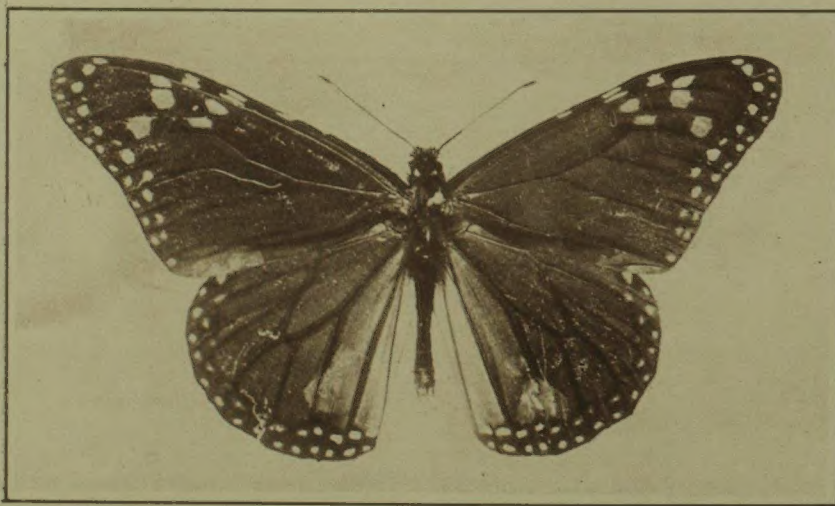


FIG. 3. A SPECIES PROBABLY BROUGHT TO THIS COUNTRY AS "STOWAWAYS": THE GREAT MONARCH BUTTERFLY, OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Monarch Butterfly is a native of North America, but is occasionally found in the British Islands. It would now seem that they reach our shores as "stowaways" on board ship, and not as genuine migrants.

a curious kind of green slug, on account of its slow gliding movements.

In coloration it is green, like the leaf on which it feeds. Much, however, has yet to be learnt as

A PRECIOUS FUR-BEARER SAVED FROM EXTINCTION: CHINCHILLA-FARMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY H. J. SHEPSTONE; DRAWING BY W. D. ROBINSON.



IN THE CHINCHILLA'S NATIVE HAUNTS, WHERE IT HAS BEEN PRACTICALLY EXTERMINATED: A CAMP OF CHINCHILLEROS (NATIVE TRAPPERS) AT 16,000 FT. IN THE PERUVIAN ANDES, WITH ONLY A FEW CHINCHILLA SKINS AS THEIR "BAG."

SAID TO BE THE SOLE SOURCE OF THE WORLD'S FUTURE SUPPLY OF CHINCHILLA FUR: MR. M. F. CHAPMAN'S FARM AT LOS ANGELES—SHEDS DIVIDED INTO PENS.



A CHINCHILLA FARM IN ENGLAND DISPERSED DURING THE WAR: THE INTERIOR OF A SHED AT MR. AND MRS. JOHNSTONE'S FARM AT BURWOOD PARK, SUSSEX, IN 1913.



COOL, QUIET, SAFE FROM FIRE, AND PADLOCKED AGAINST THIEVES: A CONCRETE BOX (18 IN. BY 12 IN. INSIDE) FOR CHINCHILLAS IN ONE OF MR. CHAPMAN'S PENS AT LOS ANGELES.



CAUGHT WHEN TWO WEEKS OLD (HAVING BEEN LEFT TO DIE BY TRAPPERS), SPOON-FED, AND "MOTHERED" BY A CAT: A TYPICAL CHINCHILLA, A TIMID, HOPPING RODENT LESS THAN A FOOT LONG.

The little chinchilla, a hopping rodent that lives in burrows on the Andes at 12,000 to 19,000 ft., has been almost exterminated in its native haunts. In 1898 some 32,000 dozen skins were exported from Chile at a shilling each, but to-day a trapper receives £20 or more for every skin. In order to save the animal from extinction and develop a big trade in its fur, Mr. M. F. Chapman, of Los Angeles, has established there a chinchilla farm, which contains twenty-five adults and six young ones, and hopes by 1931 to have 3000. He spent eight years on his enterprise. After capturing his specimens he kept them for two years at 11,000 ft., for one year at 9000 ft., and by successive halts accustomed them

gradually to lower altitudes. Then came the great test of the forty-days' voyage of 8000 miles from Iquique, in Chile, to Los Angeles. Through the tropics the chinchillas were literally packed in ice. One died, but the rest are now thoroughly acclimatised. They are kept in sheds divided into pens 6 ft. by 12 ft., each containing an oven-shaped padlocked concrete box, partly underground, for coolness, quiet, and safety from fire and theft. As shown in one of our illustrations (reproduced from our issue of August 9, 1913), chinchillas were then being farmed at Burwood Park, in Sussex, by Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, but during the war their stock was sold.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LAST week I touched on the outlook for the present year in Europe, in the light of the recent past as reflected in various new books. This week I propose to turn my telescope to remoter horizons, visible in several books affording glimpses of other continents. In world politics nowadays there is a new factor—aviation; as witness the inauguration of an air route between Egypt and India. An interesting passage in this connection occurs in "THE MIDDLE EAST," by Major E. W. Polson Newman; illustrated (Bles; 25s.). Discussing the reasons for the Balfour Declaration, and the subsequent developments of Zionism, the author says: "Palestine was to become one of the chief pivots of British Imperial air policy as a main aerial artery between East and West. In short, Palestine was to become the 'Suez Canal of the Air,' which was geographically side by side with the 'Suez Canal of the Sea.'" Similar considerations applied to Mesopotamia. "Imperial policy with regard to India," he points out, "is at the root of British Middle Eastern policy . . . and the holding of Iraq is absolutely necessary for the fulfilment of our commitments in Palestine and Transjordan."

Major Newman, who has been war correspondent with the French Army in Syria, and Press correspondent in Jerusalem, wields a racy and trenchant pen, and describes with much humour the difficulties of a journalist in the East. Among many things that came under his personal observation were the incidents of Lord Balfour's tour, with its dramatic anti-climax at Damascus, and he criticises strongly the way in which the real state of anti-Jewish Arab feeling in Palestine was concealed from the distinguished visitor. Equally illuminating is his account of the French adventure in Syria, including General Sarrail's bombardment of Damascus. Major Newman makes us realise the extraordinary complexity of the racial and religious rivalries with which both the Mandatory Powers have to deal. Later, he gives his experiences at Amman, the capital of Transjordan; at Baghdad, where he had an interview with King Feisal; and at Teheran.

I found something rather different from what I expected on turning from Major Newman's lively pages to "ASIA MINOR IN RUINS," by Saturnino Ximenez; with a preface by M. B. Haussoullier, Membre de l'Institut (Hutchinson; 18s.). The title suggests a study of post-war devastation. But ancient ruins largely predominate, and though alongside of them, in certain places, were modern ruins left by the Græco-Turkish War of 1922, these were not the author's original objective, and the choice of a title to cover them seems to have been an after-thought.

The book is really the "log" of an antiquarian cruise through the Ægean made by two eminent Spaniards in the yacht *Catalonia*. Señor Cambo, the yacht's owner, is described in the preface as "a universally known statesman living temporarily aloof from politics." The author, whose name, by the way, is spelt "Ximenez" on the title-page and "Ximenez" elsewhere, accompanied him as librarian and "archæological pilot." Few regions contain more relics of antiquity, such as those of Pergamum, Ephesus, and Halicarnassus—to name but a few of the most important, and in describing them the author recalls their associations with legend and history. The illustrations, for the most part, are somewhat archaic.

A modern and greater counterpart to one of the most famous events in the history of Asia Minor is described in "THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTY THOUSAND," by Henry Baerlein. Illustrated (Leonard Parsons; 12s. 6d.). This is an account—the first, it is claimed, to be published in English—of the wonderful exploits of the Czechoslovak armies in Siberia. "In spite of the ambushes and treacheries of the Bolsheviks in 1918," we read, "they cut for themselves with their own strength a path from the distant interior of Russia to Vladivostok, and in 1920 they re-won it for the second time, thus accomplishing, in the words of M. Poincaré, 'a work vaster and more glorious than that ancient Anabasis of the Ten Thousand Greeks under Xenophon.'"

Mr. Baerlein, who does not supply any preface to explain his own connection with the subject, or the nature of his materials, has obviously had to cover an immense field, and he has managed to compress an extensive and intricate record into a graphic narrative. The story of the great march across an alien continent, with the many battles fought by the Czechs against the Bolshevik forces, shows what can be done by patriotism under brave and intelligent leadership. There is much about Admiral

Kolchak, not always in his favour, and one passage throws a sinister side-light on the failure of the Russian "Whites." "Though Gajda [one of the Czech leaders] was Kolchak's best general, he was placed in command of the northern army, at the earnest request of the staff officers. They were afraid that, if he operated to the south, he would effect a union between Kolchak and Denikin, with the consequent loss of many staff appointments."

Another reverberation of the European War in a distant land—the British campaign against Von Lettow in East Africa—occupies some of the later chapters in "K.A.R." Being an Unofficial Account of the Origin and Activities of the King's African Rifles. By W. Lloyd-Jones. With a Foreword by Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, forty-three photographs and a Map (Arrow-smith; 18s.). Major Lloyd-Jones has given us a very interesting history of the regiment from its inception in 1893 to the present day, when its 5000 men are found

impressions

and conversa-

tions during a world tour—"ENCOUNTERS" with All Sorts of People, including Myself. By B. Ifor Evans (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). The author tells us that "at the indiscreet age of twenty-five" he set out for a year of travel, and acknowledges his debt to M. Albert Kahn, "whose generous and imaginative Fellowship gave me the opportunity." Some of his encounters were with celebrities, such as Zaghul Pasha and Gandhi. But most of the thirty-three conversations are with imagined "types" in the form of fiction.

In a retrospect of his work, Mr. Evans writes: "The mood has on the whole been more satiric and less kindly than I intended." But it should be added that the satire, and occasional cynicism, belong more to the people he encounters than to himself. Thus one cynic, a journalist, tells him in Shanghai: "I've been all over this country, and I've seen through them. Their politeness is just a sham to cover their cruelty. I've seen them torture each

other and torture animals. . . . If the Powers had an ounce of courage they would take command here and govern the country. . . . The Chinese are too selfish and too corrupt ever to govern themselves." And another cynic, talking to him in Tokyo about India, says: "Those staring eyes are not eyes of thought, but of exhaustion, burnt-out eyes which have flamed too indiscriminately. The . . . wreck that is left contemplates the eternal. . . . The East is a fraud. Don't let her deceive you." I like better Mr. Evans's own final comment: "Take away British influence and where would the East be to-day?"

But the most gratifying tributes to British influence are those which emanate from peoples who have been helped by it. I find one, for example, in a book of travel reminiscences by a distinguished Egyptian—"CEYLON," The Land of Eternal Charm, by Ali Foad Toulba, English Redactor to the Cabinet of H.M. the King of Egypt; with foreword by L. E. Blazé; with four illustrations in colour and ninety-two in half-tone (Hutchinson; 21s. net). "How remarkable," writes the author, "is this devotion to duty, this pioneering spirit of the British race! Be it to the remotest corners of the earth, or the most desolate regions or far away from the beaten tracks of civilisation, still loyally they go, these hardy Britishers, to the outposts of Empire." At the same time he is an ardent Egyptian patriot, emphasising his country's claim to full independence—"As friends and equals we welcome you; as allies we'll stand by you; but as a subject race, never."

The very fact that this glowing eulogy of Ceylon comes from an Egyptian testifies to the far-reaching effect of British influence. The author, as a son of one of the Egyptians exiled in Ceylon with Arabi Pasha, was brought up and educated in that island. There he acquired the spirit and traditions of a public school (Kingswood) on the English model, and it was his affection for his old school and its headmaster, Mr. L. E. Blazé, whom he compares to Arnold of Rugby and Thring of Uppingham, that drew him back to Ceylon for a holiday trip some twenty-four years after. On the archæological analogies

between Ceylon and his own land he does not dwell long, though he compares the Brazen Palace at Anuradhapura to Amenemhat's Labyrinth. His infectious enthusiasm is reserved for Ceylon's natural beauties and for Kingswood. He founded a scholarship there, and on returning to Egypt was astonished to find himself described in an Arabic paper as "having created at Kingswood College a section for the instruction of navigation." Which reminds me of "the ruler of the Queen's Navvy" who had seen only one sort of ship—a partnership.

Of kindred interest to the foregoing books are some others which I hope to discuss later—"THE FURTHER VENTURE BOOK," by Elinor Mordaunt (Lane; 15s. net), describing travels in Pacific Islands; "EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON," by Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt (Scribner; 16s.), a zoological collecting expedition in the Himalayas; "FARRER'S LAST JOURNEY," by E. H. M. Cox (Dulau; 18s.), a botanist's experiences in Burma; "THE LONELY ISLAND" (Tristan da Cunha), by Rose Annie Rogers (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.), a record by the widow of the late missionary; and "WILD FLOWERS OF THE CAPE," A Floral Year, by A. Handel Hamer, with colour illustrations (Blackwell; 21s.). Contemplating these and other tasks, I begin to sympathise with the laborious lot of Hercules, especially in his encounter with the Lernean Hydra.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Amateur Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Ethnology are of equal value. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in both these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the globe fail to equip themselves with cameras, and these, in particular, we wish to inform that we are glad to consider any photographs—not only those which deal with subjects of current interest, but also those which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

It is well known that "The Illustrated London News" treats all branches of Science in a more extensive way than any other illustrated weekly. Therefore, we urge our readers to send us not only sketches and photographs of important events throughout the globe, but also any photographs of scientific or artistic interest.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any such contributions not being found suitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, place such contributions in the hands of a reputable distributing agency in order that they may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

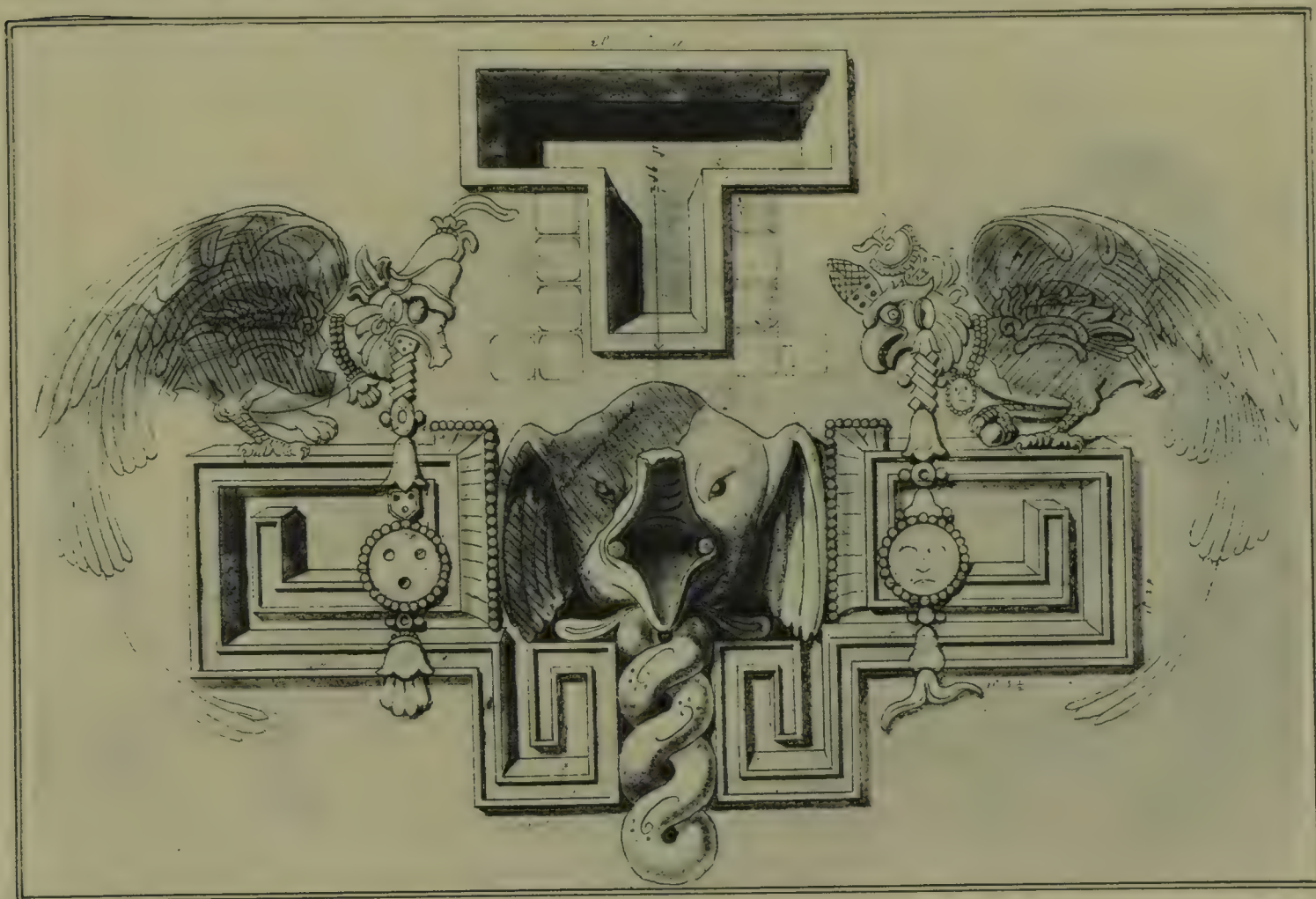
sufficient to guard a country half the size of India, with a population of 12,000,000 natives and 15,000 Europeans. The record is typical, as Sir Cecil Pereira says, of the fine work done by the British subaltern on our farther frontiers. "He is gay, light-hearted, reliable, resourceful, and just, and it is perhaps this last attribute, as well as the quality of being able to be a comrade to his soldiers, that gives those men such blind confidence in their English leader."

Especially noteworthy, I think, are the author's remarks on "the real problem of Africa to-day—the adjustment of relations between black and white. . . . If only the new European arrival will . . . leave behind him the old arrogant spirit of superiority, he will find interesting, intelligent peoples ready to look up to him and to follow him, once they see that he does not regard them as 'apes' or treat them with the usual amused tolerance. . . . Treat an African decently, and as a human being, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will behave like one." And his conclusion is inspiring. "Africa remains the land of real romance and high endeavour. There is still space, and a man can yet express himself in action; and as surely as Africa has a wonderful past, so Africa, no longer the 'Dark Continent,' has a glorious future."

One part of Africa—the land of Egypt—provides the setting for several chapters in a breezy book of

ELEPHANTS IN MAYA ART: LINKS BETWEEN AMERICA AND ASIA.

FROM WATER-COLOURS BY FRÉDÉRIC DE WALDECK. PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 2 LENT BY MR. J. ERIC THOMPSON. INSET PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. BOND.



1. NEW AND DECISIVE EVIDENCE OF A CULTURAL LINK BETWEEN CENTRAL AMERICA AND ASIA—A MAYA WALL DESIGN IN THE PALACE AT PALENQUE, SHOWING AN ELEPHANT'S HEAD (IN THE "BUN-CATCHING" ATTITUDE) ON A SERPENT'S BODY, WITH A CONVENTIONALISED MACAW (RIGHT) AND A HIGHLY CONVENTIONALISED TAPIR'S HEAD ON A BIRD'S BODY (LEFT).

2. SETTLING THE "ELEPHANT CONTROVERSY" REGARDING ASIAN INFLUENCE IN MAYA ART: FLOOR SLABS FROM PALENQUE SHOWING (L. TO R.) UNMISTAKABLE ELEPHANT HEADS IN SHAMROCK-LIKE FOLIAGE; ANTHROPOMORPHIC HEADS; A CONVENTIONALISED TAPIR, AND AN EGG-LIKE OBJECT WITH A SHELL OF HALIOTIS—(INSET) A MALAYAN TAPIR'S HEAD FOR COMPARISON OF SNOUT AND EAR.



These water-colour drawings of Maya designs in the Palace of Palenque, Central America, just discovered by Mr. J. Eric Thompson in the Newberry Library at Chicago, are of enormous importance as testifying to the cultural connection between Central America and Asia in the eighth century. In his article on page 86, Professor Elliot Smith points out that they afford decisive evidence to settle the controversy regarding the presence of elephants in Maya art. "No one is likely to doubt," he says, "the accuracy of the representation of the elephant's head, either in the profile views or in the front view with the mouth widely opened in the 'bun-catching' attitude." The drawings were made about ninety years

ago by a French artist, M. Frédéric de Waldeck, and in that shown in our illustration No. 1 appear three notes in French, which may be translated as follows. On the left side of the elephant's head are words meaning "A portion that was incomplete has been restored."

On the shaded area of the macaw is the word "Conjectural." On the back of the other bird we read: "Restored by comparison with the famous relief in the Temple of the Cross at Palenque." Prof. Elliot Smith has another article on the subject in the "Times" of January 14.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE "ELEPHANT CONTROVERSY" SETTLED BY A DECISIVE DISCOVERY.

Cultural Links between Asia and Central America in the 8th Century: Pictures of Indian Elephants from Ancient Maya Sites.

By Prof. G. ELLIOT SMITH, F.R.S., ex-President, Anthropological Section of the British Association; Author of "Elephants and Ethnologists," and "The Evolution of Man."

THE discussion of representations of the elephant has played an exceptionally prominent part in the interpretation of man's achievements in the past, so that the identification of conventionalised elephants has become one of the deciding issues in the great problem of the reconstruction of the early history of civilisation.

In his "History of New France," published in 1744, Father Charlevoix gave an account of a tradition, that still survives among the North-American Indians, of a great elk, concerning which the late Sir Edward Tylor made the comment: "It is hard to imagine that anything but the actual sight of a live elephant would have given rise to this tradition." In 1813 Baron von Humboldt described the picture (shown on the opposite page, No. 7) of a creature with the head of an elephant, human hands, the feet of a bird, and, as Professor Seler pointed out some years ago, the wings of a bat, concerning which Humboldt made the following remarks: "The disguise of the sacrificing priests presents some remarkable and apparently not accidental resemblances with the Hindoo Ganesa (the elephant-headed god

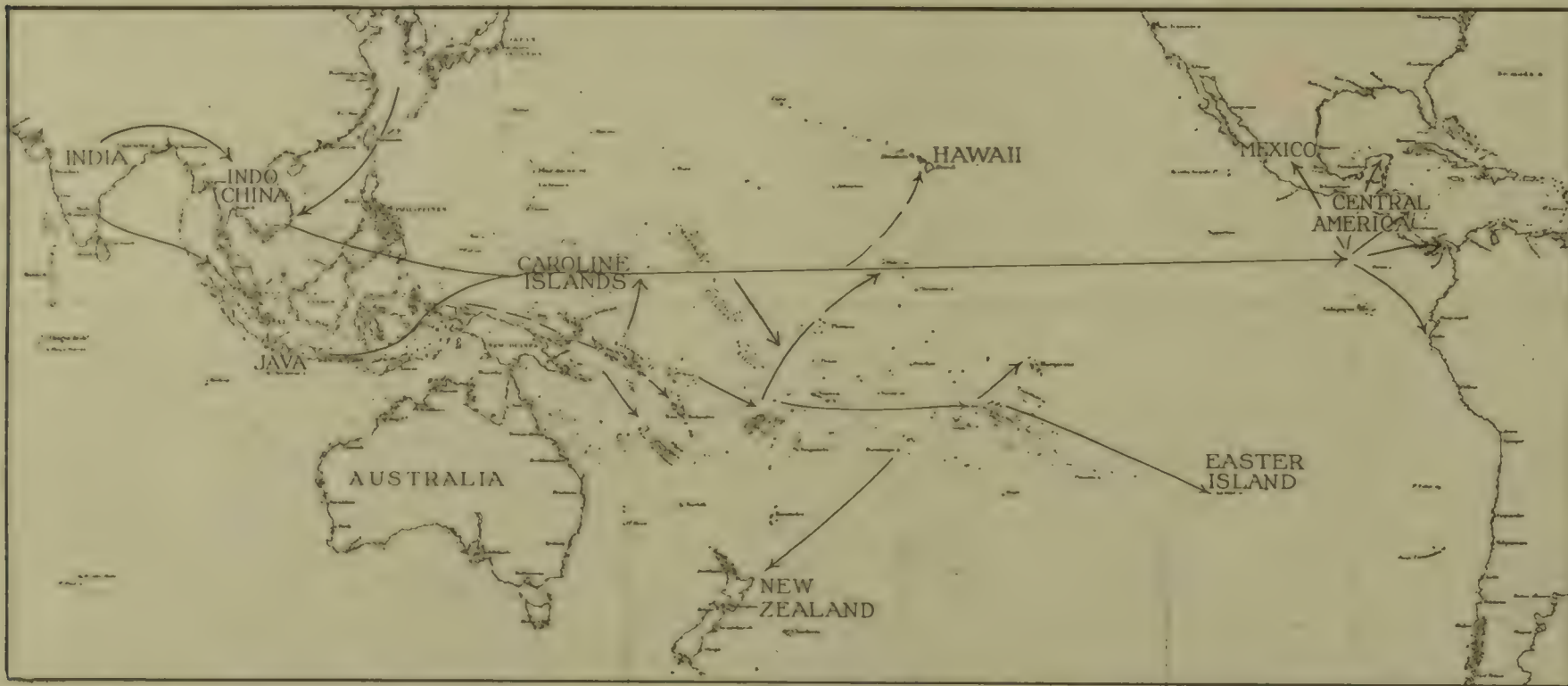
American artist drew these pictures, it is important not to forget that the ancient Indian stories were still current in Java, Cambodia, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of the south-east corner of Asia, at the time when the American artist on the opposite side of the Pacific was drawing his illustrations of the story.

During the last century there has been a great amount of controversy concerning certain architectural embellishments of the corners of Mayan buildings in Central America, which have been compared—and rightly compared—with similar adornments of Asiatic buildings, particularly those of Indo-China and Java, and have been claimed to represent the trunks of elephants. Anyone who studies the Asiatic evidence, however, will realise that these adornments do not usually represent elephants' trunks at all, but highly specialised and diverse forms of the makara, the Indian capricorn.

The upper end of a stela at Copan (eighth century A.D.) in Central America is shown in the photograph (opposite page, No. 3) of Dr. Maudslay's drawing. The peculiar head-dress of the central figure presents

the hitherto unpublished water-colour sketches (of which photographic copies are reproduced on page 85) made about ninety years ago by M. Frédéric de Waldeck, a French artist who has been described (by the historian Bancroft) as "the most indefatigable and successful explorer of Palenque." No one is likely to doubt the accuracy of the representation of the elephant's head, either in the profile views or in the front view with the mouth widely opened in the "bun-catching" attitude. The lozenge-shaped form of the open mouth, the cut stumps of the tusks, and the markings on the under-surface of the trunk are all quite distinctive of the elephant.

Waldeck writes that the four strips (bas-reliefs in stucco) were found by himself on the floor of a subterranean room in the Palace at Palenque (of which Dr. Alfred P. Maudslay, in "Biologica Centrali Americana," has given full information with exceptionally beautiful photographs and plans), and the photographs reproduced on page 85 were made from his water-colour sketches. The other photograph reproduces Waldeck's drawing (the shaded parts are restorations) of part of the wall in the same room.



ROUTES BY WHICH INDO-CHINESE CULTURE REACHED CENTRAL AMERICA IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY A.D. BY THE NORTHERN EQUATORIAL CURRENT:

A MAP INDICATING THE LINES OF TRANS-PACIFIC MIGRATIONS.

"The main current," writes Professor Elliot Smith, "passed through the Caroline group. The reality of this diffusion is proved by the fact that in the eighth century all the scattered islands throughout the Pacific were colonised from the west."—[Reproduced from an Admiralty Map sold by J. D. Potter, 145, Minories. Copyright.]

of wisdom)." One seems to recognise in the sacrificer's mask the trunk of an elephant. The snout of the tapir no doubt protrudes a little more than that of our pigs, but it is a long way from the tapir's snout to the trunk figured in the "Codex Borgianus."

During the intervening period there has been considerable controversy concerning these and many other pictures and sculptures. For instance, there is a picture in the "Codex Cortes" (opposite page, No. 4) representing a human figure with an elephant's head. The identity of this elephant-headed god is obvious, because he carries thunderbolts, and is associated with a serpent coiled round so as to retain the water that should fall as rain. In other words, it is a child-like representation of an episode in the *Rig-veda*, in which the god Indra, who is associated with an elephant and with thunder, has a combat with the serpent Vritra, who is described in the Indian epic as holding up the water in precisely the same way as the Maya artist depicts the episode.

In another Maya Codex (opposite page, No. 6), the elephant-headed god is represented pouring out the rain from a vase, and putting his foot upon the head of the serpent so as to prevent the rain from reaching the earth. This again is another incident in the mythology of India, and one might collect scores of other pictures from these early American manuscripts which might serve as a child's guide to the *Rig-veda*. If it be objected that the *Rig-veda* was written perhaps twenty centuries before the

features distinctive of Java and Indo-China. Both in the ancient sculptures of Boro-budur, in Java, and in the Cambodian temples, a head-dress such as is shown here is worn, as it still is by the Emperor of Annam. The most distinctive feature of this particular stela is the upper left-hand corner, which seems to be a conventionalised picture of an Indian elephant with a rider bending forwards on it, and also wearing an Indian turban. The mode of conventionalising the ear is found also in Asia, from India to Java; and the peculiar method of conventionalising the tusk and the under-surface of the trunk by two areas with cross-hatching, introduces exactly the methods employed by the Eastern Asiatic artists—in particular, those of China—at a time corresponding to that in which these American sculptures were made. These and many other representations of the elephant have been discussed for more than a century, but several new bits of information have come to light recently, which, as it seems to me, settle the question definitely once for all.

The elephant-like forms at the upper corners of Mayan buildings in Central America have been the subject of controversy for more than eighty years (see my book, "Elephants and Ethnologists," 1924), but new evidence has just come to light to settle the matter once for all.

Mr. J. Eric Thompson has just discovered in the Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library in Chicago

My colleague, Professor Collic, has called my attention to the fact that the very un-Maya-like floral pattern intertwining both the elephants' heads (and their anthropomorphised derivatives on the second slab) suggest well-known Chinese motives of the T'ang period, which points to the eighth or ninth century A.D.—a date that seems to be appropriate for the Maya building in which the slabs were found. The third slab is of special interest because it represents a conventionalised tapir—the form of the ear, mouth, and snout being characteristic.

The design upon the wall is peculiarly interesting. The elephant's head is set upon the entwined snake, as so often happens in the Maya codices. But the Maya sculptor, unwittingly anticipating the controversies that were to develop ten centuries after him, has placed as heraldic supporters of the elephant two of the rival claimants put up by modern ethnologists, the macaw on the right, and on the left a highly conventionalised tapir (compare the stucco slab) borne upon a bird's body. Here, then, is decisive evidence that ought to settle the elephant controversy once for all.

Other representations of elephants have been brought to light in San Salvador and Panama. In 1916 Dr. Thomas Gann found in a mound at Yaloch in Guatemala a cylindrical vase (now in the Bristol Museum) with polychrome paintings of two elephants, shown in the correct colour (opposite page, No. 2). The form of the head, body, and legs does not admit of

(Continued on page 908.)

THE ELEPHANT IN MAYA ART: PROOFS OF ASIAN-AMERICAN CONTACT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR G. ELLIOT SMITH, F.R.S. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.) No. 3 FROM A DRAWING BY DR. A. P. MAUDSLAY.



1. WITH MONKEYS REPRESENTING THE THREE ASPECTS OF BUDDHIST DISCRETION FAMILIAR IN ASIAN ART: ANCIENT VASES (4 TO 5 IN. HIGH) FROM CHIRIQUI (NOW IN THE PANAMA CITY MUSEUM).



2. SHOWING TWO ELEPHANTS WITH MOUTH CONVENTIONALISED AS IN ANCIENT JAVANESE AND INDO-CHINESE SCULPTURES: A POTTERY VASE FOUND BY DR. GANN AT YALLOCH, GUATEMALA.



4. A MAYA VERSION OF INDRA'S COMBAT WITH VRITRA IN THE RIG-VEDA: THE ELEPHANT-HEADED RAIN-GOD BEARING THUNDERBOLTS TO ATTACK THE SERPENT.



5. THE ELEPHANT-HEADED GOD CHAC ANTHROPOMORPHISED: INCENSE-BURNER FROM A MAYA MOUND IN YUCATAN.



3. WITH CONVENTIONALISED INDIAN ELEPHANT HEADS AT THE TOP CORNERS, ONE WITH A RIDER IN AN INDIAN TURBAN: THE TOP OF AN ANCIENT MAYA STELA AT COPAN (ABOUT 750 A.D.)



6. THE ELEPHANT-HEADED RAIN-GOD POURING OUT THE RAIN AND STAMPING ON THE SERPENT'S HEAD: A SCENE FROM THE ANCIENT MAYA "CODEX TROCORTESIANUS."



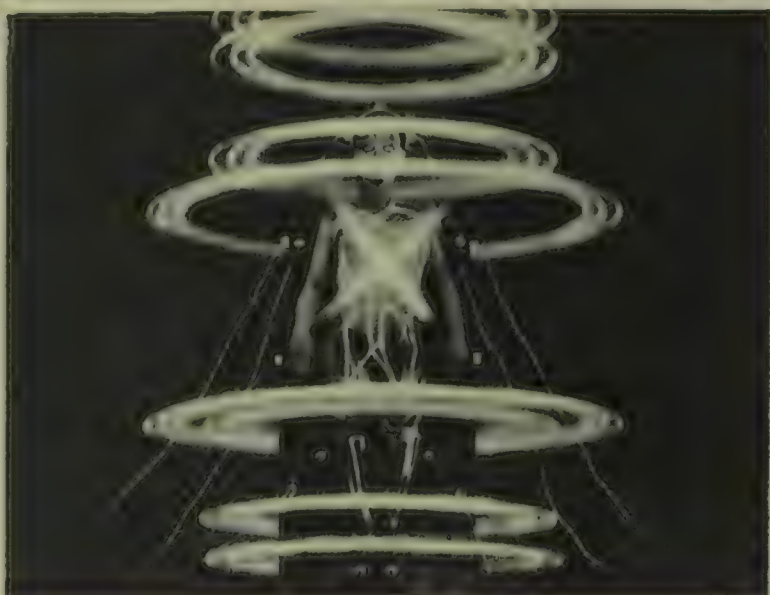
7. WITH ELEPHANT HEAD: A FIGURE FROM THE ANCIENT AMERICAN "CODEX BORGIANUS" RESEMBLING THE HINDU GOD, GANESA.

The evidence of elephant-like forms in the ancient art of Central America, as indicating an Asian origin, is discussed by Professor Elliot Smith in his article on the opposite page. Further details regarding some of the above illustrations may be given from his notes: (1) "Three ancient pots from excavations at Chiriqui . . . represent the three monkey motives familiar in the art of Eastern (Buddhistic) Asia. The three aspects of discretion are represented—closing the eyes, stopping the ears, and shutting the mouth, from, respectively, seeing, hearing, or speaking evil. This is a new and very remarkable proof of the reality of the Asiatic connection with Central America. . . . (5) A clay incense-burner found

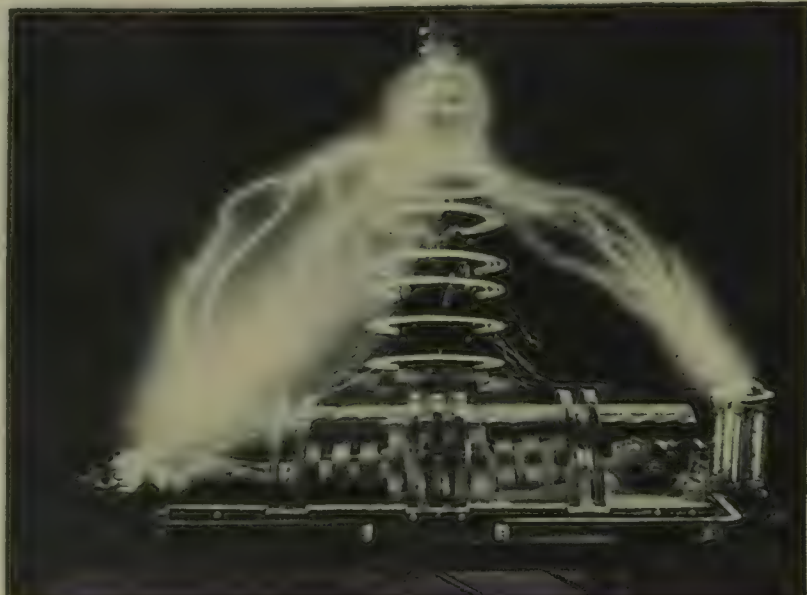
by Dr. Thomas Gann in a Maya mound near the coast at Chetumal Bay in Yucatan (now in the Liverpool Free Public Museum). It represents the elephant-headed god Chac, which has been anthropomorphised, the tusk and trunk having shrunk to proportions grotesque for a human being, but still suggestive of their prototype. (6) Scene from the ancient Maya Codex Trocortesianus, showing the elephant-headed rain-god pouring out rain from his pot and treading on the head of the serpent interposing himself between the rain and the earth. (7) Scene from the ancient American Codex Borgianus, depicting a mythical monster with the head of an elephant, human hands, a bird's feet, and a bat's wings."

ROBOT WOMAN v. REAL WOMAN: A FILM WITH A MODERN FRANKENSTEIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1—3 BY COURTESY OF "ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG," No. 4 BY G.P.A., NOS. 5—7 BY COURTESY OF WARDOUR FILMS, LTD.



1. THE MANUFACTURE OF AN ARTIFICIAL WOMAN IN THE NEW FILM, "METROPOLIS": THE THIRD PHASE—THE FORMATION OF THE HEART AND ARMS



2. A MAN-MADE EVE UNDER CONSTRUCTION: TRANSMITTING ELECTRICALLY THE HUMAN SHAPE OF A REAL WOMAN, MARIA (BRIGITTE HELM, IN A GLASS CYLINDER) TO THE MECHANICAL MARIA (IN BACKGROUND).



3. THE ARTIFICIAL WOMAN COMPLETE WITH COSTUME: THE INVENTOR, ROTWANG (RUDOLF KLEIN-ROGGE) COMPARES HIS "ROBOT" WOMAN WITH THE REAL ONE IN THE GLASS CYLINDER.



4. THE MODERN "FRANKENSTEIN" AND HIS FEMALE "MONSTER": THE ENGINEER ROTWANG (RUDOLF KLEIN-ROGGE) SURVEYS HIS HANDIWORK IN PROCESS OF COMPLETION.



5. LEADING THE CHILDREN OF THE ENSLAVED UNDER-WORLD INTO THE SUNLIGHT: THE REAL MARIA (BRIGITTE HELM) AS THE HUMAN HEROINE.



6. AN ARTIFICIAL "VAMP": THE ROBOT MARIA (ALSO PLAYED BY BRIGITTE HELM) IN DANCE COSTUME AT A NIGHT CLUB.



7. DRESSED LIKE HER HUMAN COUNTERPART: THE MAN-MANUFACTURED AND MALIGNANT MARIA (BRIGITTE HELM, WHO DOUBLES THE PARTS).

A remarkable new German film entitled "Metropolis," produced at the Ufa Studios in Berlin, may be expected at the Marble Arch Pavilion about February 21. The above illustrations on this page show actual scenes and figures of the story as they appear on the screen, while those on the opposite page show how various incidents were filmed in the studios. A summary of the plot says: "Metropolis" is the story of a city of a hundred years hence. The wealthy governing class lives in luxury. The workers, who are 'fodder' for the metal monsters in the machine

rooms, live underground in darkness and gloom. They are controlled by Fredersen, the 'brain' of 'Metropolis.' His son Freder is attracted by Maria, a girl of the people, who one day brings some of the workers' children to the 'House of the Sons,' built for the pleasure of the sons of the rich. In his search for Maria, Freder discovers the conditions of the workers, and takes the place of one of them. Rotwang, an engineer-inventor, is constructing for Fredersen a mechanical woman, with the brain and powers of a human being. Fredersen, knowing that

[Continued opposite.]

HOW THE NEW ROBOT PICTURE WAS MADE: FILMING "METROPOLIS."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF WARDOUR FILMS, LTD.



SHOWING THE MASS OF MERCURY LIGHTS REQUIRED TO GET THE NIGHT EFFECT FOR QUITE A SMALL SCENE: THE FILMING OF AN INCIDENT IN "METROPOLIS."



THE PRODUCER IN HIS FLOATING HEADQUARTERS: HERR FRITZ LANG DIRECTING OPERATIONS FROM A COVERED PLATFORM MOUNTED ON THREE CANOES, IN A FLOOD SCENE OF "METROPOLIS."



HOW A FLOOD RESCUE SCENE WAS FILMED FOR "METROPOLIS": A WOMAN CARRYING A CHILD THROUGH AN ARTIFICIAL CATARACT BEFORE THE CAMERA IN THE UFA STUDIOS.



WITH THE CAMERA MOUNTED ON A HIGH PLATFORM: FILMING ONE OF THE SCENES OF THE FLOOD DISASTER IN "METROPOLIS"—WATER BURSTING FROM HUGE PIPES.



HOW A MOTOR-CAR "INTERIOR" SCENE IS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SCREEN: A CHARACTER IN "METROPOLIS" INSIDE A TAXI BEFORE THE FILM CAMERA.



TAKING A DIFFICULT "CLOSE-UP" OF THE PRINCIPAL MAN (GUSTAV FROHLICH): KARL FREUND, THE UFA CAMERA-MAN, AT WORK ON A WHEELED TROLLEY.

Continued.

his son is infatuated, instructs Rotwang to give his 'robot' the face and figure of Maria, in order to disillusion Freder. The mechanical girl is completed, with the face and figure of Maria, but, instead of the sweet and tender soul of Maria, her image is given a callous and destructive one, for Rotwang has a big account to settle with Fredersen. The false Maria leads the workers on to riot and destruction. The great machines are destroyed. Transport and illumination cease. The pumps which keep the underground city from flood are broken up and the waters rise.

The real Maria gathers the children about her to save them from a horrible death from the rising water. When all hope is lost, Freder succeeds in rescuing them. In the meantime the workers realise that the woman they take to be their beloved Maria has led them to ruin. She is seized and burned, while the real Maria finds happiness with her lover. The link between the two classes has been found in Love." The film recalls Mrs. Shelley's story of Frankenstein, the student who constructed a human monster without a soul.

READY AT NEED TO HELP BRITONS OVERSEA: THE NAVY'S STRONG ARM.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS K. FRANK.



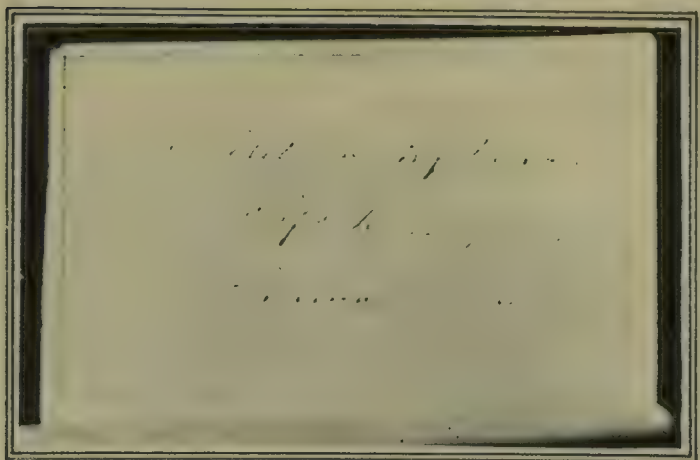
OF KINDRED TYPE TO THE DESTROYERS IN THE YANGTSE: H.M.A.S. "STALWART" POLICING OCEAN HIGHWAYS.

The Navy is ever ready to go to the support of our countrymen needing help in any part of the world. Although the destroyer "Stalwart," of the Australian Navy, is not among the ships in Chinese waters, this fine photograph is typical of such a ship speeding to the rescue. She is of kindred type—generally speaking—to the destroyer "Wishart," dispatched from Hong-Kong to the Yangtse, with the cruisers "Vindictive" and "Carlisle." The naval force at present at Hankow

consists of the destroyer "Woolston," a river gunboat, and two sloops. The Eighth Destroyer Flotilla, at Rosyth, has been prepared for possible service in the Far East, to relieve the Third Flotilla, recently sent to China from the Mediterranean. H.M.A.S. "Stalwart" (1075 tons) belongs to a class of five destroyers built under the emergency war programme and presented to the Australian Navy. She was launched at Messrs Swan Hunter's yard in October 1918.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MACFARLANE, MACLITTE, "DAILY MAIL," ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, RUSSELL, SWAINE, AND VANDYK.



"MY NELSON. MY NELSON. KISS HIM FOR ME": A PAGE FROM A DIARY BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN KEPT BY LADY HAMILTON.



TO BE INAUGURATED BY THE VICEROY: THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT RAISINA (DELHI), WHOSE COUNCIL CHAMBER IS TO BE OPENED ON JANUARY 18.



THE IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL OF FOUR OF THE BRITISH VICTIMS OF THE AVALANCHE DISASTER IN THE ARLBERG MOUNTAINS: THE COFFINS, DRAWN ON HORSE-SLEIGHS, ARRIVING AT LECH FROM ZÜRS.



A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST: THE LATE MR. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON, A.R.A.



M.P. FOR THE STOURBRIDGE DIVISION: THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS P. PIELOU.



NEW LONDON WHIP TO THE CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST CENTRAL OFFICE: VISCOUNT CURZON.



DONOR OF £104,000 TO ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL: MR. W. R. MORRIS.



A WORLD-FAMOUS ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR FRANCIS FOX.

The diary shown in the first illustration is in the possession of Mr. Frederic Holland, the Llandudno antiquary. On one leaf is written: "My Nelson. My Nelson. Kiss him for me. Emma Hamilton." "The date," says the "Liverpool Echo," "is 1800, and on the last page is written 'Clarges Street.'" This and other articles belonged to Dr. James Osmond, R.N., "who... qualified as a surgeon in the Royal Navy in 1808. He had previously been, according to the family records, a midshipman on the 'Victory.'... Some of his descendants migrated to Australia, taking with them the relics, which were

exhibited at Government House, Melbourne, in 1903."—The Parliament House at Delhi contains the Chamber of Princes, the Chamber of the Council of State, and the Chamber of the Legislative Assembly.—Amongst other things, Mr. Cayley Robinson designed the costumes and scenery for Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird."—Mr. W. R. Morris is the head of Morris Motors, Cowley, Oxford.—Sir Francis Fox was a pioneer in engineering matters, and carried out many important undertakings. In his later years he was best known to the public as a preserver of cathedrals and other ancient buildings.

REMARKABLE NATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN A REMOTE AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



1. WITH PECULIAR DOMED AND WINDOWLESS HOUSES OF SUN-BAKED CLAY, A ROUND GRANARY IN THE COURTYARD AND FISHING-NETS HUNG FROM HOOKS AT THE TOP OF A TOWER: A TYPICAL GROUP OF BUILDINGS IN MALA, A VILLAGE OF THE MASSA TRIBE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



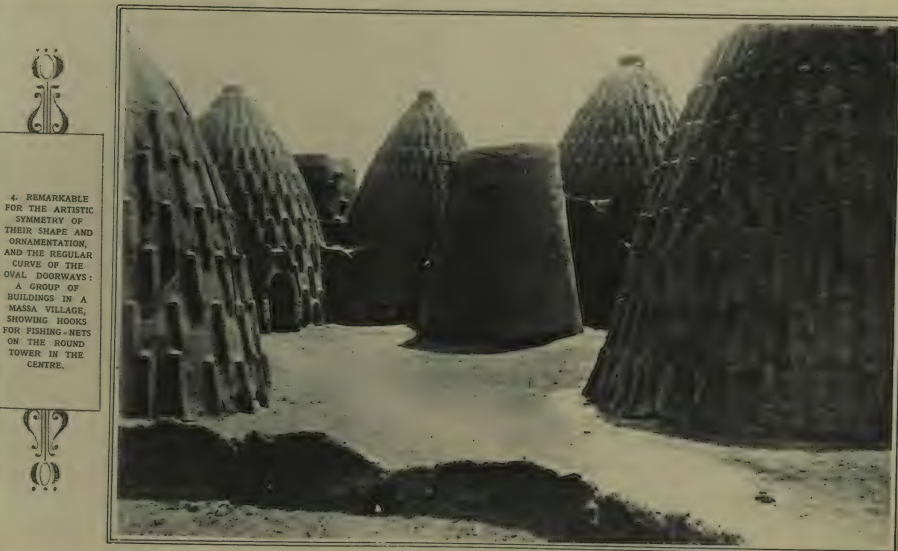
3. SHOWING THE FISHING-NETS HUNG FROM HOOKS ON THE WALL OF THE SQUARE BUILDING ON THE LEFT, A CIRCULAR GRANARY, AND A CAGE (EXTREME LEFT) TO PROTECT CHICKENS FROM EAGLES: A TYPICAL GROUP OF BUILDINGS OCCUPIED BY ONE FAMILY OF THE MASSA TRIBE.

LITTLE-KNOWN REGION OF CENTRAL AFRICA: MASSA VILLAGES.

M. MARC ALLÈGRE.



2. SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND AN UNFINISHED HOUSE, WITH THE LATEST LAYER OF CLAY FORMING A SLIGHTLY DARKER RIM AT THE TOP: A GENERAL VIEW OF MALA, A MASSA VILLAGE ON THE RIVER LOGONE, WITH ITS CURIOUS DOMED ARCHITECTURE.



4. REMARKABLE FOR THE ARTISTIC SYMMETRY OF THEIR SHAPE AND ORNAMENTATION, AND THE REGULAR CURVE OF THE OVAL DOORWAYS: A GROUP OF BUILDINGS IN A MASSA VILLAGE, SHOWING HOOKS FOR FISHING-NETS ON THE ROUND TOWER IN THE CENTRE.

The very interesting photographs here reproduced are rare and hitherto unpublished records of a remote and little-known region of Central Africa. They were taken by a French traveller, M. Marc Allègre, during a journey made by him in company with M. André Gide, the distinguished French writer, who is preparing a book on the subject. The titles of the photographs, as given by M. Allègre, are as follows: "(1) A street in Mala; (2) On the banks of the River Logone. A view of Mala, a village of the Massa tribe, one of the most interesting in Africa. The first house, in front, is still unfinished; the last

layer of clay, which is not quite dry, can be seen at the top, making a somewhat darker rim. A fresh layer is added every week, and is left a week to be hardened by the sun. (3) Each family has a group of houses, and in the centre of the courtyard before the house is a granary. Queer fishing-nets are seen hanging on the wall of the square house. (4) A narrow street." The houses are built in clay only, without any timber or wooden frame inside. They do not resist more than three or four rainy seasons. In No. 3, the conical object on the left, inside the courtyard, is a cage to protect chickens from eagles.

A HUGE MASS OF RAW MATERIAL FOR NEWSPAPERS: THE SURFACE OF A CANADIAN LAKE COVERED WITH PULPWOOD.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A., AND MESSRS. PRICE BROTHERS.



A SOURCE OF PAPER SUPPLY FOR THE GREAT DAILIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA: PULPWOOD AND SAW LOGS ON LAKE KENOGAMI, QUEBEC—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

This remarkable photograph was one of those illustrating an article on "Canada From the Air," in a recent number of the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington), by J. A. Wilson, Secretary of the Royal Canadian Air Force. "On the northern bank of the St. Lawrence," he writes, "the Laurentian Mountains are never far away, and the numerous streams draining their valleys bring down to the river the rich harvests of the forests of Quebec. Three Rivers (a town) halfway between Montreal and Quebec, at the mouth of the St. Maurice River, is the centre of the largest pulp and paper industry on the continent. . . . It probably manufactures more paper than any other city in the world." In a booklet issued by the Canadian Department of the Interior,

entitled "Natural Resources of Quebec," we read: "The great dailies of the United States and Canada look to the woods of the north for their supply of paper. . . . Large and important industries are based upon the raw materials obtained from the forests of Quebec. . . . Canada's first paper mill was established at St. Andrew's, Quebec, in 1803, and, ever since, the province has continued in the forefront of the pulp and paper industry. It was not, however, until the decade from 1860 to 1870 that ground-wood pulp-making obtained a footing in Canada, so that the present huge industry is not more than fifty years old. In 1922 there were 47 pulp and paper mills in Quebec, compared with 104 in all Canada."

AFTER HANKOW, SHANGHAI? FORCES ENDANGERING BRITISH PRESTIGE IN THE EAST: RUSSO-CANTONESE NATIONALISTS.



USED IN THE FIGHTING ROUND WUCHANG, AND LATER AS AN AERIAL "TAXI" TO CONVEY DELEGATES TO AND FROM HANKOW: A CANTONESE AEROPLANE, WITH A RUSSIAN OILING THE ENGINE.



THE FEMINE ELEMENT IN CHINESE NATIONALISM: A NUMBER OF GIRL STUDENTS IN THE CROWD AT A HANKOW DEMONSTRATION.



THE CHINESE WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT: GIRLS EMPLOYED IN AMBULANCE AND OTHER WORK, WITH THE CANTONESE ARMY IN Kiangsu.



INCLUDING SOME STUDENTS IN AMERICAN HORN-RIMMED GLASSES, A NEW FEATURE IN CHINESE SOLDIERY: A GROUP OF CANTONESE OFFICERS AND MEN, MOST OF THEM VERY YOUNG, AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF HANKOW.



RUSSO-CHINESE CO-OPERATION: A TYPICAL PAIR OF OFFICERS OF THE CANTONESE ARMY AT WUCHANG—A RUSSIAN (ON THE LEFT) AND A CHINESE.



HOW BOLSHIEVIST PROPAGANDA IS SPREAD IN CHINA: A RUSSIAN AGITATOR (LEFT) WITH THE CANTONESE FORCES ADDRESSING A CROWD AT ONE OF THE FREQUENT DEMONSTRATIONS IN HANKOW, ACCOMPANIED BY A CHINESE STUDENT (ON THE RIGHT) INTERPRETING.



THE THREE CHIEF MOVING SPIRITS OF THE RUSSO-CANTONESE ADVANCE IN CHINA: THE SOVIET COMMISSAR BORODIN (EXTREME LEFT), THE RUSSIAN MILITARY ADVISER, GENERAL GAILLET (THIRD FROM LEFT), AND GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK (FOURTH), THE CHINESE NATIONALIST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, AT KIU KIANG.



HAILED AS "FATHER OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC": THE LATE SUN YAT SEN'S PORTRAIT ON A BIG BANNER AT A HANKOW DEMONSTRATION, WITH SOLDIERS AND PROPAGANDISTS.

These photographs were taken at various points during the Cantonese northward advance in China. Several of them show typical demonstrations, held very frequently in newly occupied territory, to expound Bolshevist propaganda and the principles of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is regarded as the "father" of Chinese nationalism. After the recent withdrawal of British forces from the British Concession at Hankow, to avoid bloodshed, and its occupation by the Cantonese, there was a lull in a tense situation. On January 11 it was stated that Vice-Admiral Tyrwhitt, the new naval Commander-in-Chief in China, would probably proceed from Shanghai to Hankow. At the same time General Chiang Kai-shek was reported to have declared that he would be in Shanghai by February 2. On January 10 the Municipal Council of the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai announced that, while disclaiming any part in Chinese politics,

it would take every means to suppress violence and disorder, and to protect life and property. This was held to mean that force would be used if the Cantonese attempted mob tactics, as at Hankow. "British feeling in China," said the Peking correspondent of the "Times," "is profoundly stirred. . . . The British here trust that the Government regards the restoration of the violated Concessions as an essential preliminary to any further discussions with the Nationalist Government. Prestige in the East is an intangible but overwhelming influence, and it is believed that our position, not only in China but all the way from Suzu to Vladivostok, would be irretrievably affected if in the present circumstances we offered to bargain. If we do, it will be an intimation that everything we have in China can be wrested from us by the Bolshevist trick of letting loose the mob."

THE UNITY OF THE WORLD.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

How many Europeans know how to read Chinese or speak one of the many languages of the Chinese. An exceedingly small number. And yet the language of a people is the key to their ideas and sentiments. China, as a whole, since we came in contact with her, has not been more accessible to our knowledge than her language. A few more or less accurate translations of a certain number of classical books, the impressions of travellers, always more or less superficial, constitute almost the only available sources of information with regard to that immense portion of the world. Art, especially ceramic art, is what we know best among all Chinese creations. But the decorative arts are not the best way to penetrate into the soul of a people.

Being almost entirely ignorant of China, Europe, during the past century, has contented itself with an extravagant explanation, which ended by making Chinese life even more incomprehensible than it was before; China was supposed to have a civilisation which had been stationary for thousands of years! Contrasted with the West, which is perpetually tormented by an incurable fever for progress, she was considered to represent an eternal immobility. This idea is so widespread that the present revolution is looked upon as the end of a sleep which has lasted for centuries. The sleepy giant has at last awakened! But how could a people have created so complicated and refined a civilisation if it were incapable of change? Why should the Chinese at a certain moment in their history have lost the power which created and perfected a civilisation, if they had previously possessed it? Very few people have asked themselves these questions, which are, after all, very simple.

In fact, for nineteenth-century Europe, China was an incomprehensible mystery. It is difficult to say to what extent this incomprehensibility was mutual. One has the impression that the Chinese *élite* understood nineteenth-century Europe rather better than it was understood by Europe. But this relative comprehension seems to have sprung more from a need of defence than from moral sympathy or an affinity of tendencies; for it was always mingled with distrust and even with hatred. The necessity of self-defence was at the same time the reason and the limit of this comprehension. It seems to be the same to-day, when China appears to be becoming so rapidly Westernised, in the midst of the ruins of her old Confucian civilisation. China assimilates principles, ideas, and notions which have long been repugnant to her, in order to defend herself against Europe and America, and that assimilation will probably not outlast the necessity of defence.

If two worlds ever existed which were impenetrable one to the other, such certainly were Europe and China. Geography and history—that is to say, diversity of languages, religions, arts, manners, and political institutions, multiplied by distance—had rendered them incapable of understanding one another. And yet those two worlds, unknown to each other, acted and reacted continually upon one another for two centuries. It is one of the most surprising proofs of the unity of the world: that unity of which we are not yet conscious, but which is the great work of the three last centuries.

There is in the "Celestial Empire" a school of thought which insists that China had a decisive influence on the French Revolution. An aged writer whom I have quoted before in these chronicles, Ku Hung Ming, who, although he is an ardent traditionalist, knows Europe

well, has supported this view with very ingenious arguments. In what did the French Revolution, which was continued by the nineteenth century, essentially consist? In the substitution of a rationalistic conception of society and the State for a mystical one. But where did the Europeans get their idea of a society organised and governed exclusively by reason? Ku Hung Ming does not hesitate to answer: In China.

The old China of Confucius, which we see falling into ruins to-day, was a much more rationalistic society in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than Catholic or Protestant Europe before the Revolution. Confucianism

of the Emperor. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Europeans had already begun to perceive that, in China, a brilliant civilisation and a solid State could exist without the continual interference of an organised religion and its representatives, which Europe had for centuries considered indispensable for the maintenance of social order.

Although somewhat paradoxical, this thesis seems to be partly true. The wave of rationalism which broke over Europe in the eighteenth century had doubtless many other causes; but it is not impossible that the example of China may also have contributed to it. This would make it easier to explain the lively curiosity which existed in the eighteenth century for things Chinese. In any case, if China contributed indirectly to the great European upheaval of the end of the eighteenth century, the rules to-day have been completely inverted. The Chinese revolution, the developments of which are beginning to appal the European Powers, is the work of Europe. While knowing and understanding very little about the old Confucian China, Europe has succeeded in destroying it and throwing it into the chaos of an enormous revolution, from which sooner or later a new world will arise.

The Chinese revolution has taken its place in that great series of historical events by which Europe and Asia have been shaken since the Young Turk revolution of 1908; the decay of the monarchical system. The fall of the monarchy and the proclamation of the Republic in 1911 was the point of departure of the crisis. But why did the Chinese monarchy fall in 1911, despite the religious veneration by which it was surrounded? Because since the year 1840 it had been undermined with examples and doctrines by Europe and America, by the wars which they had waged against it, the humiliations which they had inflicted upon it, and the treaties which they had imposed. While diplomatic complications that were becoming increasingly serious, and wars that were ever more disastrous, demonstrated to China that the Son of Heaven was no longer capable of defending his Empire against the invasions and interferences of the West, the democratic ideas of Europe and America were spreading, despite the resistance of the old Confucian tradition. Especially after the Boxer outbreak and the last European invasion of 1900, the American Universities and schools opened their doors to a growing number of Chinese. Just as in the eighteenth century the Europeans returned from China with the idea of a Society which governed itself

without the aid of priests, the Chinese came back from America with dazzling pictures of a fabulously rich and very powerful democracy. Gradually these doctrines, assisted by events and by the feebleness of the old régime, did their work.

But the beginning of the Chinese revolution was modest and simple. During its first years it was content to organise a Parliamentary Republic on a Western model. It was only later that a civil war broke out in the midst of the young republic, and that this civil war had the effect, in a few years, of undermining the whole system of European and American interests in the Far East. Transformed into a civil war, the political revolution rapidly assumed the proportions of a general upheaval, by which a portion of humanity seems to wish to change its history, in the

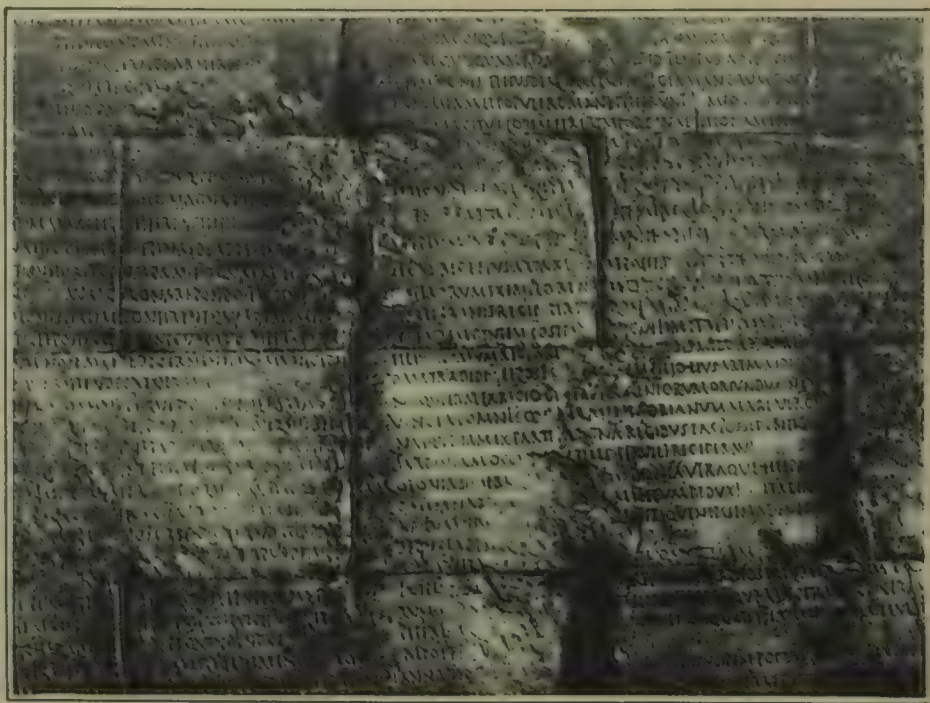
same way that another portion changed it in Europe between the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

But this expansion of the Chinese revolution is in its turn an effect of the World War, and of the Russian

(Continued on page 104.)



A FAMOUS RELIC OF ANCIENT ROME IN THE NEW CAPITAL OF TURKEY: THE "POLITICAL TESTAMENT" OF THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS INSCRIBED ON HIS TEMPLE AT ANGORA.



ROMAN HISTORY IN STONE WHERE KEMAL PASHA NOW PRESIDES OVER THE DESTINIES OF TURKEY: DETAIL OF THE LATIN INSCRIPTION AT ANGORA RECORDING THE ACTS OF AUGUSTUS.

Angora, now the capital of Turkey, was known to the Romans as Ancyra. The Temple of Augustus owes its preservation to the fact that under the Byzantine Empire it was converted into a Christian church, and in the seventeenth century a pilgrim from Mecca built a mosque beside it. The great feature of interest is the Latin inscription on the temple walls, copied from bronze tablets at Rome on which Augustus, at the age of sixty-five, recorded the chief events of his reign. He died at seventy-six in A.D. 14. The inscription is much weather-worn, and has suffered damage in the course of ages. Great holes have been made to extract the bronze bolts with which the Roman masonry was consolidated.

is a doctrine for the conduct of life and the constitution of the State, based almost exclusively on a reasoned analysis of human nature, on good sense and reflection; tradition and experience were also among the foundations of political institutions, and there was a vague deification

"THE MUD PILOT."

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY FRANK H. MASON.



RIVER PILOTS IN A SMALL BOAT VOYAGING FAR OUT TO SEA FROM AN UNFREQUENTED PORT IN SEARCH OF SHIPS TO BRING IN: THE BOAT APPROACHING A STEAMER TO PUT A PILOT ON BOARD.

"The term 'mud pilot,'" writes Mr. Frank Mason in a note on his picture, "is sailors' slang for 'river pilot,' whose calling is separate from that of the channel or deep-water pilot. Both are qualified by examination, and certified by Trinity House, or other corporations. In busy ports the duties of the two classes are defined, and a river pilot hands over or accepts a ship at the bar. In less frequented areas a river pilot may proceed far to

sea in search of a ship requiring to be brought into port. Some pilots receive no pay but their pilotage fee, and there is keen competition for ships. A number of pilots, with a list of vessels due, will voyage for one or two hundred miles in a small open sailing-boat, intercepting ships, until only the boat-keeper is left, and he reaches his home port either by a friendly tow or by sailing alone."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Royal Travellers.

It will be some weeks before the Duke and Duchess of York reach New Zealand, and we begin to follow their adventures there. Meantime, we shall realise what a blank is left when two such energetic young people go away. They have taken their numerous public duties very seriously, but, for all their conscientiousness, have gone about their work with every appearance of enjoying it. Everyone knew that the girl who marries a royal Prince enters on a very definite and arduous career, but it had not perhaps been realised that the young Duchess would have quite so many public duties, or have to undertake a world tour on behalf of the Empire.

Londoners and the people in Norfolk are glad that the baby Princess is to be in Queen Mary's special care, as they like to feel that they, too, are keeping their eyes on her.

The New Year Honours.

The New Year's Honours List is usually a disappointment to women, and this time the honours for women have been very sparsely bestowed.

A NEW DAME OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

Photograph by Photopress.

The only woman to be made a Dame of the British Empire is the Dowager Countess of Jersey, one of the founders and the first and present President of the Victoria League. She spent some years in Australia when her husband was Governor of New South Wales, and has travelled in India, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands, so she has been able very successfully to direct the activities of the League. The Victoria League was formed to promote a greater friendliness between the people of all parts of the Empire, and in its twenty-six years' life it has succeeded beyond all expectations.

Mrs. Kimmins, whose name also appears in the list, has for a great many years devoted herself with enthusiasm to the welfare of London children. She was one of the first to organise games for them, and has written books on the subject that have been widely used. But her best work has been for the crippled children, especially those at the Heritage Craft Schools, to which she now gives most of her time. Mrs. Eugenie Strong receives her honour for her services to archaeology. A Fellow of Girton, for a long time assistant director of the British School of Archaeology in Rome, and the author of several learned books, she has had a most distinguished career.

A South Counties Engagement.

Miss Joan Burrell, who has just become engaged to Lord North, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Guilford, is the elder daughter of Sir Merrick Burrell, of Knepp Castle, in Sussex. Her mother, Sir Merrick's first wife, was the daughter of the late

Mr. Walter Winans, of New York. There were great rejoicings at Waldershare Park, Lord Guilford's home in Kent, when Lord North came of age three years ago, and an ox was roasted whole in good old traditional style.

Lord North was at that time in the Life Guards, but he left the Army a year ago to go into the City.

"Dorothy Drew."

The death of Mrs. Drew, daughter of W. E. Gladstone, and one of the most interesting women of her time, is a great loss to her very wide circle of friends, but most of all to Mrs. Parish, her



THE "G.O.M.'S" FAVOURITE GRAND-DAUGHTER: MRS. FRANCIS PARISH.

Photograph by Vandyk.

only child, who has been a most devoted daughter. It was very interesting to see the two women about together, the aged but intensely alive lady, who had for many years been the great statesman's right hand, in her wheeled chair; and the daughter, still very youthful-looking, who had been the darling of his last years. Probably in all parts of the world there are people who cherish faded photographs of the Grand Old Man with the curly-haired Dorothy Drew standing at his knee. Millais painted her, and found it was like painting a bit of quicksilver, and she was petted by the famous visitors to Hawarden.

Miss Dorothy Drew's marriage to Colonel Parish took place in 1912, and nine years later he died of wounds received in the war. She has several small children, one of whom has inherited the famous curly mop of hair. Mrs. Parish resembles her mother in her direct outlook on life, her sense of reality, and her interest in people and character.

An Amusing Debate.

The people who go to the Kingsway Hall on the 27th of this month to hear the debate between Lady Rhondda and Mr. G. K. Chesterton on the Menace of the Leisured Woman will certainly spend an amusing evening, but it may be doubted whether they will have much clearer ideas about that fascinating subject than when the debate began. Lady Rhondda has very strong convictions about the menace, as the series of articles recently published in *Time and Tide*, which she edits, have shown, and she will put her case clearly; but she is not likely to be able to pin Mr. Chesterton down to an equally direct statement. It will be very interesting to hear what Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is to preside, will say; but the most interesting thing is that anyone should attack the leisured woman for the use she makes of her spare time. What a long way we seem to have travelled since the woman who had to adopt an apologetic attitude was the one who, not needing to earn a living, ventured to work outside her home!

Lady Rhondda—who, if one may be allowed to say so, manages to get through a vast amount of work

with a rather leisurely air—thoroughly understands the enjoyment as well as the value of work, and she has done well to make an attack on women who waste their opportunities. At the same time, one would like to see a vehement propaganda carried on to make busy women understand the value of play. If the leisured women are too lazy, the hard-working women are too intense.

Miss Royde-Smith.

The activities of Miss Naomi Royde-Smith during the last few years since she left the staff of the *Westminster Gazette*, where she had for so long

done excellent work, have brought her into a good deal of prominence. She edited the *Queen* for some time, and then appeared as author of an anthology which was very favourably reviewed. Her first novel was published the next year. What most pleased the women readers of her second novel, "The Housemaid," was the delightfully original character whose highest ideal for her daughter was that she should follow the family tradition and become a housemaid. They gloated over the way in which other characters were sacrificed to that great aim. With such a rosy view of life's possibilities, Miss Royde-Smith would, one feels sure, embark on the latest stage in her journey with a belief that her professional career will not be hampered by the domestic service problem. Her marriage to Mr. Ernest Milton—who played the leading part in her grim play, "The Balcony"—took place about a month ago, but was not announced till later.

FORMERLY MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH: MRS. ERNEST MILTON.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Mr. Ernest Milton, who came from America about ten years ago, has had many stage successes in this country, notably in "Loyalties," in which he played the part of Ferdinand de Lewis, and in Pirandello's "Henry IV." He has also written a play, "Christopher Marlowe," which was published in 1924.

Our Ministry at Peking.

Lady Lampson, wife of our Minister to China, who is now with her children in Peking, must be having an anxious time while her husband travels about on his official duties, and disquieting news comes through from the south. Fortunately, her new home is not unfamiliar to her. She spent some years in Peking after Mr. Miles Lampson had been appointed Secretary to the Legation in 1916. Lady Lampson is a daughter of Dame Jessie Phipps, a pioneer woman municipal worker, Alderman of the L.C.C., and Chairman of the Education Committee. Sir Miles Lampson, who is a nephew of the late Mr. Locker-Lampson and a brother of Lady Ruthven, is a big, genial man well over six feet in height. Lady Lampson is also very tall, so they are an impressive-looking couple. They have a son and two daughters.

M.F.H. AND DAUGHTER OF A MILLIONAIRE: MISS ANGELA BEIT, WHO IS ENGAGED.

Miss Angela Beit, the elder daughter of Sir Otto Beit, the South African millionaire, is engaged to Mr. Arthur Bull, younger son of the Rev. Reginald and Mrs. Bull, of St. Andrew's, East Grinstead. Miss Beit is M.F.H. of the Hertfordshire Hunt.—[Photo. by Lewis.]



INVITED TO JOIN THE RESEARCH COMMITTEE OF THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD: MRS. COTTRELL.

Mrs. Cottrell, a director of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and formerly a member of the Consumers' Council at the Ministry of Food, has accepted an invitation to join the Research Committee of the Marketing Board.



TO DEBATE WITH MR. G. K. CHESTERTON ON THE MENACE OF THE LEISURED WOMAN: LADY RHONDDA.

Photograph by Swaine.



Fashions & Fancies

Early Whispers from Paris.

There is a comparative lull in the affairs of dress in Paris at the moment, for the spring collections have been wafted down South, and will only return when the sun shines again on the Champs Elysées as it does on the Promenade des Anglais. But before they left, some of the collections were shown to a chosen few, so that New Year's Eve coincided with the birth of several new modes. The spring colours are always gay and youthful, and rivalling the white and rainbow tints for the evening is a new, attractive blue shot with peacock for the daytime. Skirts are as short as ever, pleated, scalloped, and draped in a multitude of ways, and the uneven hem which made its début a month or so ago promises to be almost universal. Fringe has suffered no fall from favour in the sphere of trimming, nor have the sequins ceased to glitter. On the contrary, they have multiplied their colours amazingly. Some very smart evening frocks are shaded from pale rose through cherry and cerise to black, and others are as iridescent as mother-o'-pearl, all achieved by multitudes of these tiny beads, some of which boast a stamped design and others tiny "milled" edges in a different colour.

Two-Piece Ensembles Still Flourish.

It seems impossible to separate women from their love of the two-piece suit, and the early collections have not attempted such a revolution. As before, however, there is a tendency to frocks and coats of different colourings and materials, made one by some small trimming or arrangement of the pleats. Crepella is a fashionable material for these, as well as jumper suits, which continue to thrive surprisingly. There seems no end to this vogue, which is so extremely comfortable as well as practical, and everyone will rejoice to find it again included in the season's fashions. In many of the new models the jumper buttons from collar to hem, and can be worn as a coat and skirt when desired; and one charming little suit has a long line of buttons and button-holes carried out in red snakeskin.

Model Frocks from Paris.

Early though it is, there are already many lovely Paris models from the new collections to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.,

SOME PARIS FROCKS HAVE STOLEN A MARCH ON THE RIVIERA AND ARE SPENDING JANUARY IN LONDON INSTEAD.



Baby goat, shaded from white to mole and trimmed with opossum, makes this smart motoring coat created by Lucien Lelong for the open road in spring.

amongst them the evening dress from Molyneux and the Lebourier afternoon frock pictured on this page. The former is of white georgette embroidered all over with pearls, paillettes, and crystals. The top hangs loosely at the back and sides with a bolero effect; and the hip line is indicated with a large satin bow. Wine-red crêpe-de-Chine relieved with an embroidered jabot of snowy georgette expresses the other. Another *chef d'œuvre* to be found in these salons, designed by Premet, is of black chiffon, the top entirely embroidered with silver drop sequins deepening to black; and a rival is of white chiffon, introducing the fashionable tiered skirt cut in petals, each tipped with black and embroidered with beads. There are several delightful black chiffon frocks, enriched with embroideries and fringes in contrasting colours.

The New "Corslo" It is, of course, useless to talk of exquisite new frocks without Slenderness. thinking of the correct silhouette beneath. Mme. Zilva, the famous *corsetière* at Debenham and Freebody's, who designs their models, has studied fashion's demands as well as anatomy and health, combined the three, and created a new "Corslo" model which is ideal for the well-developed woman. It is designed to give more support, and, although it is an "all in one" brassiere and corset, it has a double front. The inner portion is cleverly boned, and the outer has a deep panel of elastic which supports the diaphragm in perfect comfort. It is obtainable in silk or cotton tricot, the latter costing £4 4s., and can be obtained laced or closed. There is also a new brassiere which can be worn with or without belts. Reaching below the waist at the sides and lengthening to suspenders in front, it prevents any "bulge" of flesh over the belt, as well as supporting the diaphragm. A splendid corset for sports wear can be secured for 37s. 6d., and another model, ideal for trousseaux and tropical outfits, is

42s. or 73s. 6d. in crêpe-de-Chine. It must be noted that in this salon every woman's needs are carefully studied in each individual case.

A Furnishing Sale Catalogue.

There is still a fortnight more of the great sale at Hampton's, Pall Mall East, S.W., the well-known furnishing house, and a catalogue illustrating many useful bargains will be sent gratis and post free to all readers on request. It must be noted that on Thursdays remnants are sold at half the usual prices—40,000 yards of cretonnes, damasks, etc., are being cleared at greatly reduced prices, some less than half the original. One pattern, artistically printed on a black, green, and blue ground—an ideal fabric for loose covers, has been cut from 4s. 6d. to 1s. 11½d. a yard. The entire stock of antique and modern Persian rugs, strips, and carpets has suffered the same drastic reductions. Hampton's seamless Axminster, originally £13 4s., can be secured for £8 8s., a typical opportunity. Then amongst the furniture there are delightful oak writing bureaux fitted with drawers and pigeon-holes, reduced from £6 12s. 6d. to £3 19s. 6d.; and oak hall settees are obtainable for the same amount. Then complete bed-room suites in oak are being cleared at £8 19s. 6d. Comfortable armchairs in oak with two loose cushions covered with brown corduroy are reduced to 63s., ideal furniture for every library or sitting-room; and there are oak flap tables clearing at 45s. each. These are but a few of the countless gilt-edged investments for every household.

A Coming-of-Age.

Readers will be interested in the announcement by Messrs. H. J. Green and Co., of Brighton, of the approaching coming-of-age of their famous Sponge Mixture. It is nearly 21 years ago since Green's Sponge Mixture was put on the market, and to-day it is known and appreciated throughout the British Empire. Indeed, there are very few people who have not at some time or other enjoyed Victoria sandwiches, Swiss rolls, or other dainties made with Green's Sponge Mixture. An interesting recipe booklet will be sent to all readers post free who apply to the above address mentioning the name of this paper.



An exquisitely embroidered jabot and veston of white georgette complete this simple Paris afternoon frock of wine-red crêpe-de-Chine at Debenham and Freebody's.



A Molyneux model of georgette embroidered all over with pearls, paillettes, and crystals, which may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

South Africa

THE EMPIRE'S SUN LAND

¶

WHEN Sir Francis Drake made his meteoric voyage round the world in the "Golden Hind" in 1580; he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. "This Cape," he recorded, "is a most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth."

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THE UNITY OF THE WORLD.

[Continued from Page 98.]

revolution. Its cause is once more to be found in Europe. So long as the Russian Empire existed, the revolutionary forces of China remained very timid. The Slav colossus, with its hidden but well-known ambitions, and the fear of providing it with a pretext for territorial interventions, acted as a deterrent. But once the colossus fell, and Russia became an ally of the Chinese revolution, the revolutionary forces broke out with unconquerable strength.

Enormous, torpid, almost non-existent from the point of view of progress as understood by the West, Tsarist Russia was a static element whose world-importance was revealed by its disappearance. All Asia and a part of Europe preserved their ancient institutions and resigned themselves to a peace and order which did not satisfy them, because they stood in fear of the mysterious power which emanated from St. Petersburg and intimidated two continents. The fall of that power was followed by a general dislocation of the monarchical system. If the first blows against that system were aimed at it in Asia by the Turkish revolution of 1908 and the Chinese revolution of 1911, the decisive blow was struck by the Russian revolution. After the fall of the Muscovite dynasty, monarchy crumbled away everywhere: in Austria, in Germany, in Hungary, in Turkey, in Greece; the spirit of revolt against Europe infected all Asia; the ancient Turkish Empire transformed itself into a dictatorial and nationalist republic which succeeded in wresting from Europe the Treaty of Lausanne; the Chinese revolution has led to a crisis in one of the most ancient civilisations in the world.

How complicated and far-reaching the reverberations of events are! Because the Empire of the Tsars succumbed in the effort of the World War, and was replaced by a revolutionary dictatorship, the whole earth is, for one reason or another, in a state of anxiety and agitation. Would it be possible to find a more luminous proof of the unity of the world? In the old days the world had a multitude of centres, which were independent one of another. Empires might crumble away in the Far East without the countries surrounding the Mediterranean being aware of it; the Mediterranean countries might fall into a state of anarchy without its making any difference to far-away Asia. But all that is changed, thanks to the work of the three last centuries. Despite the enormous diversity of races, climates, religions, manners, and institutions, the inhabitants of the earth live one life. Nothing now remains or ought to remain indifferent to any one people.

"The internal politics of other countries are no concern of ours," diplomatists are fond of repeating. That

formula may have a certain meaning and represent a rule of conduct for the Chanceries, but it no longer applies to any living reality. One might even go further and assert that nothing interests the peoples more to-day than those crises of power, *coups d'état*, and revolutions which can overthrow social order at its very basis in one part or other of the world. There are no longer isolated destinies among the nations; the direct or indirect reverberations of events from one quarter of the world to another are as unforeseeable as inevitable; the whole world is enveloped in a system of invisible solidarities, which reveal themselves to man's want of foresight by the most unexpected catastrophes.

The world is becoming, it has almost become, a unity. But men have not yet realised this fact; they think they are still living in the time when peoples, civilisations, and States lived each in their little group, in the isolation of their respective destinies. This contradiction between the reality and the mental attitude of the people, this advance which facts have made beyond ideas, is one of the greatest difficulties of our time. Nearly all the disappointments of the World War and the Peace arise from this cause. Even during the war and afterwards, only the immediate consequences of events were seen; their indirect reverberations were not taken into account, yet they were often, in the then almost effectuated unity of the world, much more important than the immediate consequences. Therefore, every day brought a new surprise, more deceptive and disquieting than the last.

It must be admitted, however, that in this unified world, in which we live without being aware of it, the reverberations are nearly always so complicated and profound that it is always very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to foresee them. It is possible to-day, when reviewing the past, even to discover a link between the Chinese revolution, the occupation of Egypt by England in 1882, and the war of 1870. Did not the Chinese revolution gain great impetus, as we have seen, from the collapse of the Russian Empire? But the Russian Empire collapsed because the Germanic Empires had succeeded in blockading it during the World War; and the Germanic blockade was so terrible because Turkey had allied herself with Germany. With Turkey neutral and the Straits open to commerce, the Allies would have been able to assist Russia much more effectively. But why had Russia made so close a friendship with Germany during the thirty years that preceded the World War? Without excluding the action of other causes, one may reply to-day that Turkey had been drawn towards Germany because England had occupied Egypt, thus separating the Asiatic from the African provinces, and France had allied herself with Russia, the hereditary enemy of the Sultan's Empire. The alliance with Russia, which was a consequence of the situation

created by the war of 1870, and the Triple Alliance, could not fail to compromise the old friendship between France and Turkey; just as the occupation of the Nile Valley by a Christian Power was bound to move the Turkish Empire to seek elsewhere, in Germany, for fresh support.

Everything is bound up together in the history of the modern world. But what mind could have foretold such far-reaching and formidable consequences, in the inextricable entanglement of hidden solidarities? To a certain extent many of the disappointments and bitter surprises of which the peoples have been complaining during the last ten years were inevitable. They could only have been prevented if the modern nations had been governed by prophets. Must we therefore conclude that the unity of the world is a great disaster, because it exposes us to the danger of provoking catastrophes without wishing to do so—catastrophes which, while it is impossible to foresee them, may entail consequences seriously prejudicial to our happiness and that of our sons? Has the world, in unifying itself, become too complicated, while our minds remain too simple for that complication?

This conclusion would be too pessimistic. But the realisation of the Unity of the World, as it gradually becomes clearer and stronger, ought to make one quality—that of prudence—more necessary in the great affairs of the world. Yet, since the French Revolution, Europeans and Americans have valued it less and less. For a century past we have been daily more and more inclined to confuse the idea of wisdom with audacity, and even with temerity. To lose no opportunity of increasing our power and riches, never to hesitate to demolish or overthrow the present and the past if it may profit the future, always to seek immediate success and take only first consequences into account—such has been the rule that has increasingly imposed itself upon men of action in the Western world, especially in the great affairs of State.

In proportion as the human conscience realises that in a unified world the far-distant consequences of an act may be formidable, the fierce desire for action for the sake of action ought to calm down, and a prudent deliberation appear wiser than that blind dash which to-day is too much admired.

The old China which is disappearing in the flames of revolution could have given us some useful instruction on these points. It seems she possessed some statesmen whom the precipitation of our audacious ventures and the fury of our ambitions caused to smile. Such must have been that old Mandarin who, ten years ago, having listened to an ardent panegyric of the French Revolution, made by a European, replied:

"Yes, the French Revolution was a great, a very great event. But is it not still very recent? Would it not be wise to await the time when its definite consequences are known to us before passing judgment on it?"



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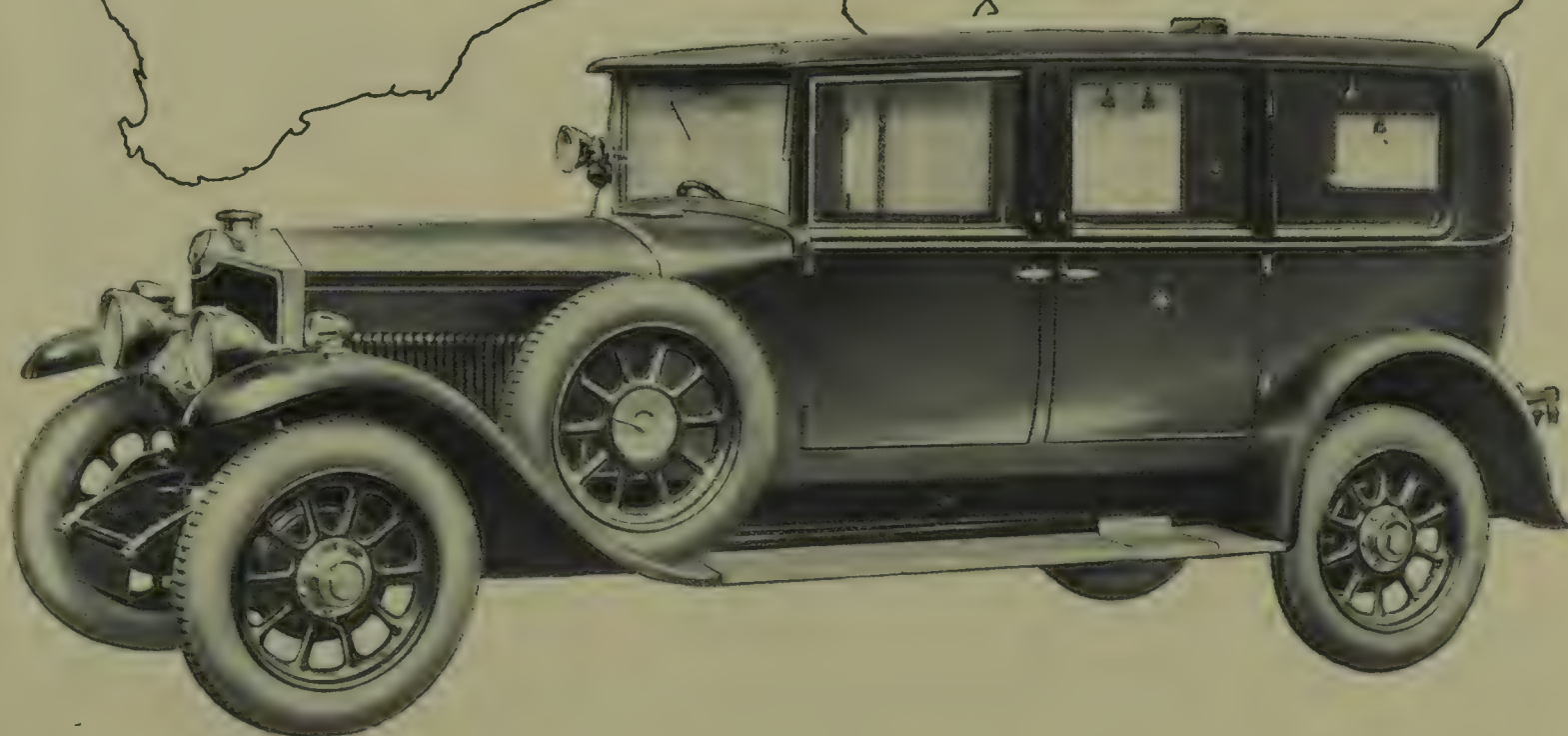
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

PRODUCERS' EXPERIMENTS.

THE fascinating thing about the kinema is its youth. The field is so new that any man who puts his hand to the plough can, as he will, turn a fresh furrow. Far from having been tilled and probed until all possibility of more treasure seems remote, there still remain many a corner and many a patch where the enterprising may sink a spade. To me, every film that shows some small attempt at a new method, some original angle, some imaginative quality, becomes an interesting affair, quite apart from its general value. An experimental film, even when the experiments do not quite "get over," cannot be wholly bad, provided it is a sincere effort to break new ground. It seems surprising that the pleasure of moulding and manipulating this comparatively new material does not attract a larger number of really great producers—men who "see" things individually and are capable of fresh conceptions, artists, in short, whose hall-mark would be as personal and as clear as a great painter's. We should be able to "spot" a producer as easily as we "spot" a John or an Orpen or a McEvoy portrait.

Admitted that there are quite a number of fine producers who can put a good, solid, well-lighted, and convincing picture on the screen, how many are there whose work is so stamped by their personal vision as to be unmistakable? Generally speaking, films conform to the popular—or supposedly popular—pattern, varying only in degrees of beauty and in audacity of sensationalism. It is not often that one

experiment. So far, the German producers have proved, in this matter of individual vision, the most definite and, at the outset, I think, the most sincere. Alas that inevitably, so it would seem, the glitter of world-markets and the demands of commercialism should blur that vision! But the German producer can, and does, find new pigments for his brush, fresh angles for his compositions.

Take, for example, Fritz Lang's masterly production of "Siegfried," a fine work of art, almost perfect in its way, and too little appreciated in this country. This work was entirely individual. So, too, is Murnau's far from perfect "Faust," shown, like its predecessor, at the Albert Hall, and thus inviting comparison. The first reflection that leaps to the mind is the tremendous difference of method and treatment. It has nothing whatever to do with the subjects of the two films, which, in so far as both are based on legends, do not diverge as greatly as their producers' points of view. If these two men, Lang and Murnau, could remain absolutely true to themselves, completely un-Americanised, there would be little need to search our programmes for their respective names.

Fritz Lang's "Siegfried" had a quality of aloofness, if I may be allowed that word, that unerringly conveyed the spirit of the legend. His experiments lay in the

(Continued overleaf.)



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Photograph by Fradelle and Young.

can say: "Here is something new—a fresh outlook—an experiment." It fails or it succeeds, but at any rate it arrests our attention, just because it is an

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"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

(Continued.)

suggestion of space. His forest, its giant tree-trunks soaring upwards beyond the very frame of the picture, their roots spreading beneath a swirl of mist, is unforgettable in its heroic proportions. There are other moments that come back to one, all lofty, remote, dignified almost to coldness—Siegfried leading his captive kings across a high-flung drawbridge—the conflict of the two women on the wide, steep steps of the Cathedral—spacious halls, monumental warriors—all conceived and seen on big, noble lines.

Murnau's much-heralded and much-criticised "Faust," with its extraordinarily weak climax and many errors of judgment, has not only an undeniable beauty of its own, but shows an originality of perception that makes it deeply interesting to the student of the kinema. Murnau's experiments tend towards the discovery of fresh angles. He opens up his vistas on the peep-show system. That which immediately confronts us is often of minor importance, just the lens through which we are to peep. Thus we seem to look through crannies, round corners, or through a scurry of clouds, apprehending, rather than seeing, that which lies beyond. Or else he vouchsafes to us just one bit of some big building, it may be a sweep of parapet and bridge, perhaps a pillar and a twist of steps, or again an angle of canopied balcony, whereon a royal beauty holds her court, whilst, far below her, dim dancers sway and great white elephants bring to her the treasures of the East.

Murnau's canvas is nearly always crowded; not necessarily with the serried masses of humanity beloved of the spectacular film-maker, but with curious patterns of his own devising; jostling rooftops, a man's shoulder almost obscuring the rest of the picture, a tangle of branches, great wings or little huddled houses; the visions of a poet and a dreamer. One is reminded of old wood-cuts, anon of a Teniers; in some of the glimpses of the old Faust, of a Rembrandt.

But always the peculiar angle of vision is surprising and very definitely Murnau's own. One can imagine him playing about with models, experimenting with these strange angles of his, achieving strange effects of light and shade, and an equally strange beauty. He repeats his pet effects far too often, and blurs the whole first half of the film by the

continual use of smoke and clouds. Yet for his courage in experimenting and the gems of beauty he does fashion for our delight, I can forgive his over-indulgence in smoke. What I find more difficult to forgive is the dreadful mounting of Faust and Marguerite to heaven on an invisible lift, and also Murnau's underrating of the public's powers of observation.

It is, indeed, high time for the experimental producer to realise that the public is gradually being trained in screen technique, and that a "fake" needs to be exceedingly well done if it is to carry conviction. We know that we have been thrilled to the core a hundred times by appalling catastrophes of nature—avalanches, earthquakes, and the like—that for all their seemingly Titanic proportions were staged on a six-foot table. We admit that you can sink a toy submarine in a tank, and that the film version of this tragic foundering will tug at every heartstring. But ingenuity is apt to breed carelessness, and of late I seem to have encountered a good many slips, a good many scenic devices that bore the word "fake" writ large on their poker-faces!

In the prologue of "Faust," Murnau gives us some finely pictorial renderings of the conflict between the Angel of Darkness and one of the Heavenly Host. Massive and sombre, the Devil lurks in the lower corner of the screen, his great wings spread like an angry cloud-wrack. Above him the Archangel stands, his luminous wings full-stretched. Very fine, those wings, very, very impressive. But why not strap your actors to them, so that in the heat of their celestial quarrels they shall not move their bodies forward, the while their wings remain stationary?

Such carelessness of detail does not escape the public eye, nor are we so unsophisticated as to be impressed by the totally unconvincing steeds assigned by Mr. Murnau to the dread Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The experimental producer needs a man at his elbow keen-eyed, observant, and capable of admitting that the public possesses some discrimination. And this man should be the producer's second pair of eyes, quick to pounce on the weak spots, unblinded by pet theories and sober even in the midst of the most intoxicating experiments. But not too sober, for Art's sake.

THE "ELEPHANT CONTROVERSY."

(Continued from Page 86.)

any doubt as to their identity as elephants; and the peculiarities of the lower jaw and teeth can be explained by studying the mode of conventionalising elephants in Java and elsewhere in the Eastern Asiatic area. During the centuries when the Indian Gupta phase dominated artistic expression in Indo-China and Indonesia, China also came under the sway of its influence. It is not a mere chance that Chinese art attained the zenith of its accomplishment during the T'ang period (602-907 A.D.). The influence of India left its mark upon Chinese Buddhistic art, and probably also upon that of the Nara period in Japan. But the great wave of culture that flowed over Eastern Asia and the Malay Archipelago in the eighth century swept out into Oceania also, and was carried to Central America. The Palenque bas-reliefs represent the elephant in association with floral designs suggestive of the T'ang period because they belong to that period and were expressions of the same inspiration.

Transatlantic travellers will be interested to know that the great Cunarder *Aquitania*, which recently resumed her sailings between Southampton and New York, had just been subjected to one of the most extensive overhauls ever carried out in a big liner. For two months nearly 1500 men were employed daily in the ship. The work on the machinery, in itself one of enormous magnitude, included the testing of the great turbines (one alone weighing 445 tons), of 200 miles of cable, and some 700 miles of electric wiring. Moreover, great alterations and improvements were made in the saloon passenger accommodation. Some 250 state-rooms were enlarged, by throwing smaller rooms into one, with elaborate re-decoration and refurnishing. Among the new material used were three miles of carpet and 2000 yards of silk damask. The *Aquitania*, which has been called "the ship beautiful," has thus been made more beautiful still. She is, in truth, a "floating town," having her own recreation "grounds," shops, post-office, concert-hall, swimming-bath, lounge, libraries, hospitals, and police. She can carry 3000 people, and throughout the year steams over 6000 miles every three weeks.

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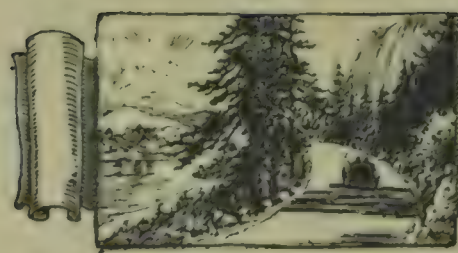
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE TWO-LITRE ITALIA.

IT is interesting to note how greatly motor design is influenced by what can only be called fashion. As soon as a particular type of engine made by one particular firm has scored some measure of success, it



WITH THE FORTH BRIDGE AS A BACKGROUND: A 15.9-H.P. "HOTCHKISS" WEYMAN SALOON, TAKEN DURING THE SCOTTISH MOTOR SHOW.

is ten to one that half-a-dozen rival firms will start the production of an almost exactly similar engine the next time a new model is due. Readers who were motorists before the war will remember the extraordinary popularity of the 15.9 four-cylinder engine, which had a bore and stroke of 80 by 120, between the years 1909 and 1912. Those particular dimensions seemed to have some kind of a mesmerising effect on designers, and there was scarcely a firm of any repute that did not have an example of this size of engine.

Since then there has been a fashion for the four-cylinder "three-litre" and "two-litre" and for the "11.9," or perhaps, more accurately, the "litre-and-a-half," with a bore and stroke of approximately 69 by 100. That was, and still is, a remarkably successful type. In fact, I think it has had a longer innings than any other. For quite four years it has scored heavily as the "car for the man of moderate means," and if its day is over—which is by no means certain—it will have been a good day.

We have now another new fashion—the six-cylinder two-litre engine, with a bore and stroke of 65 by 100. I don't know how many of these particular measurements there are on the market, but I can think of five or six. I have driven some of these, both British and foreign, and there is little doubt that it is a type which is likely to prove unusually popular. In each case, although individual performances differed a good deal, it was perfectly obvious that that type of engine was thoroughly successful. Some of them are only stated to be capable of fifty-five miles an hour, and some of them of as much as seventy-five or even more, but all of them resemble each other to a surprising extent in one important point. These engine dimensions with six cylinders certainly provide, all things being equal, a smooth, powerful, and flexible engine.

The latest of the new type I have tried is the two-litre Italia, which I found to be a particularly good example of what can be done on these lines. It is a fast and flexible

car, remarkably pleasant to drive, and gifted with a noiselessness of operation which I have seldom known surpassed. The quiet running of the engine is really something quite out of the common, especially when you remember that, with a top-gear ratio of $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, a speed of nearly seventy-five miles an hour can be obtained.

Like most Italian engines, the Italia pleases your mechanical eye at once with its cleanliness of outline and design, and the neatness with which everything is disposed. The valves are operated by an overhead camshaft with push-rods and rockers, and except in one respect the design is conventional. The exception is that there are big openings on the upper sides of the crank-case which enable you to take down and pull out the connecting rods and pistons without disturbing anything else. This I regard as a very important point, as in the event of broken piston rings, or the necessity for any sort of adjustment, your re-

pair bill is lessened considerably owing to the reduction of that terrible item, "workmen's time." Another neat notion is the enclosing of the sparking-plugs inside the valve gear cover.

The gear-box, which has four speeds of a fairly high ratio, is centrally controlled, which I think is a pity. Gear-changing, however, is easily brought about without scrape, except perhaps on the change from third to top, where a certain knack is required. The gears make remarkably little noise, the best of them in this respect being No. 3. On this gear you can attain a high rate of speed without feeling that the engine is being over-run. As a consequence, you get the most enlivening acceleration and pleasantly easy traffic driving.

All these things are good, but I believe that the designers are most proud of the flexibility of this engine. Although I confess I am never in the

least thrilled at being able to drive on top speed at three miles an hour, I suppose the ability of any engine to do this is of importance, in that it gives proof of first-class carburation and ignition. As with two other cars of at least three times the engine dimensions, which I have recently tried, it is possible to leave the wheel of the Italia with top-speed engaged and walk round the car while it is moving. This circus trick will naturally not appeal to anybody with any sense, but what certainly does appeal is the fact that from this speed of approximately three miles an hour the car will gather way and get going at a very high speed in an incredibly short space of time.

The usual four-wheel brakes are fitted with a servo device. I can never make up my mind whether I like this fitting or not, and whether it really tends to save muscular energy. In any case, with the Italia the action is the reverse of what you would expect, in that at first pressure of the pedal there is considerable resistance to be overcome. Once past a certain point, this resistance disappears, and with very little exertion you can exercise a great deal of power and pull the car up in thorough emergency style.

The springing is excellent, as is also the road-holding, and driving the car gives you an unusual

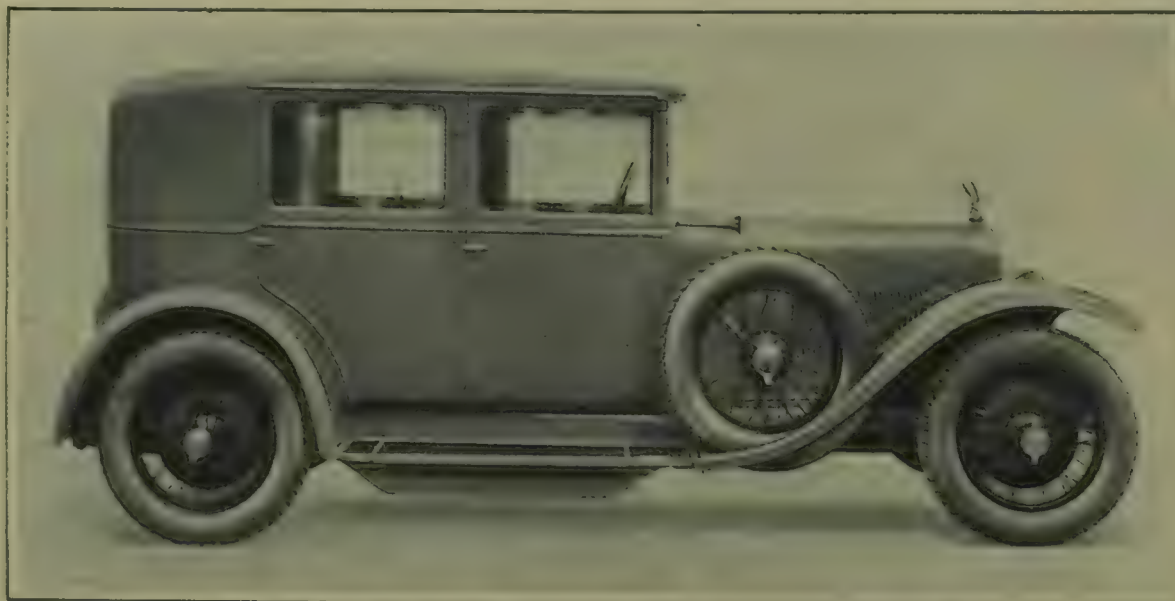


BUILT FOR THE MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY: A FOUR-DOOR WEYMAN SALOON ON A SIX-CYLINDER BENTLEY CHASSIS.

The wings are of a sporting type, and the absence of running-boards gives the car a very clean appearance. The bonnet is covered with the same fabric as the body.

degree of pleasure. That unusual liveliness and that fiery acceleration, combined with the silence of the engine, is most inspiring.

You have in this new Italia a remarkable performer, and so, I suppose, if full credit is given for that, the price is not really high. The car I tried was the standard five-seated open tourer; the body-work of which is built in Italy, and costs £775 for the short chassis and £50 more for the long. The body-work is well finished and roomy, but I don't think it comes up to English ideas of comfort. The upholstery is excellent, but there is not enough of it in the height of the back squabs. Your shoulder-blades don't get enough protection. English coachwork can, however, be supplied, at a proportionately higher price.



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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE SHOOTING PARTY. By ANTON CHEHOV. (The International Library: Stanley Paul; 2s. 6d.)

"The Shooting Party" is hardly a full-blown novel in the Russian manner, that runs to prolixity; but it is an interesting and characteristic piece of work. It is the confession of a man who confesses everything but the murder he has committed. His vanity, his weak friendship, his mendacity are a truly Chehovian exposure of the make-up of a criminal. The point is well made that the criminal is a self-indulgent *poseur*. So perhaps, in varying degrees, are many men; but there is corruption below Kamtshev's perverted pride in his lapses from decency. He was hyper-sensitive—again a point that the observation of Chehov does not overlook. Kamtshev was

A NEW BARON IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS LIST: SIR GEORGE HAYTER CHUBB, BT., LEADER OF THE NONCONFORMIST UNIONISTS.

In our last issue, through a photographer's error, we gave a portrait purporting to be that of Sir George Hayter Chubb, which we now learn was really one of Lord Marshall, of Chipstead. Sir George Hayter Chubb has been Chairman of the Non-conformist Unionist Association since its foundation in 1886.

Photograph by Photopress.

careful to put a wounded woodcock out of its pain, and he deplored his hysterical violence to the old woman's parrot. These actions will be found to have a symbolical relation to the central tragedy. Kamtshev expresses himself with a bewildered simplicity; it is clear that he is not his own master. His eyes are

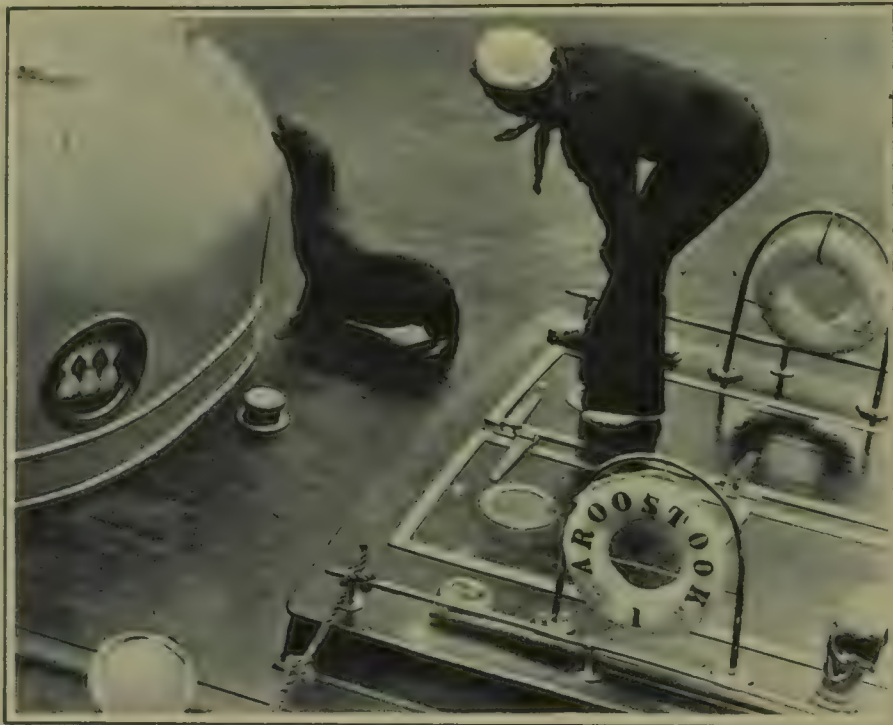
"imploping, childish, resignedly suffering." The underlying impulses of a warped and distorted personality have risen to the surface; that is the psychological issue of "The Shooting Party."

JEW SÜSS. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. (Secker; 10s.)

That "Jew Süß" is a novel of mark we know from the manner of its reception by a Continental public. Willa and Edwin Muir's translation does it justice. It is probably the most competent study of the European Jew that has been written. But competence is not necessarily genius, and "Jew Süß" is a work of genius. Feuchtwanger has handled eighteenth century Germany with a Hogarthian realism. Thackeray touched it with a fine pencil when he sketched the little Princes who aped Louis the Fifteenth's splendours and emulated his vices; but we think the Jewish financier behind the scenes escaped him. Süß was the Duke of Würtemberg's Jew—Süß the exquisite, the crafty, the complaisant, at once the Duke's pander and his master. No meanness, no grossness, no drunken futility of Duke Karl Alexander passed him by. He was in the Court, but not of it: he was the Jew, fawned upon while Duke Karl Alexander

lived, and destroyed by the Würtembergers' blood lust when he stood alone. The bores and the bigots pulled him down; but he withdrew himself into the ecstasy of martyrdom, and triumphed in a voluntary death more heroic than death on the field of battle. "Jew Süß" is not a book for the squeamish. It tells the truth about a brutal age, and about the dark side of human nature. But it is a magnificent historical romance, and its exploration of the hearts of men and women is profound.

(Continued overleaf.)



A VISITOR FROM THE SEA: A YOUNG SEAL WHO FLOPPED ABOARD THE ADMIRAL'S BARGE ON VISITING DAY IN THE U.S.S. "AROOSTOOK."

A correspondent describes this photograph as follows: "An amusing picture just received from San Diego, California, showing a baby seal which, on a recent visiting day aboard the U.S.S. 'Aroostook,' flopped aboard the Admiral's barge to pay his official respects. The little animal was given food and then returned to the sea."—[Photograph by Keystone.]

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The Enemy of Uric Acid

(Continued.)

CRAVEN HOUSE. By PATRICK HAMILTON. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

Look attentively at Betty Sadleir's cover to "Craven House." It is the sufficient introduction, a pictorial preamble allowing Patrick Hamilton immediately to open a front door and exhibit a middle-aged woman emerging with a shopping bag. Craven House is any London shabby-genteel house where there are paying guests. Treated as Mr. Hamilton has not treated it, it would be as dull inside as out. But in this delightful book the rich variety of the lives of paying guests is brought marvellously to light. If Miss Hatt had been alive in Mrs. Nickleby's time (and paying guests had been invented), you would probably have found Mrs. Nickleby at Craven House. Mr. Hamilton has something akin with Dickens, too, in his treatment of the human boy. Master Wildman's first day at the preparatory school, for example. The boarding-house servants are as individual as the rest of the party. There is a chapter devoted to the awful fate of Audrey, who Answered Back. And the lovers—you will find Mr. Hamilton the perfect exponent of the pathetic absurdities, the delicious advances and recessions of youthful lovers. In short, "Craven House" is a delectable entertainment from cover to cover.

THE TWO OF DIAMONDS. By ANTHONY WHARTON. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Anthony Wharton's romance covers the period of French history between 1869 and 1918. It gives him the opportunity, which he knows so well how to use dramatically, of staging the Second Empire in its decadence, and the Republic in the Great War. The plot, reduced to its simplest elements, is the story of the faithful servant. M. Lamoussset was the valet of the Duc de Loran, from whose dead fingers Dr. Cossard, a scampish physician, stole the diamond cross. Madame la Baronne, the Yellow Cat, a *demi-mondaine*, had already attempted to abstract it; but M. Lamoussset had outwitted her. Dr. Cossard having succeeded in hiding the cross, Lamoussset proceeded to attach himself to his person, and to hold on doggedly for fifty years. The two men, yoked together by their secret, stand the ups and downs of an adventurous life until Lamoussset found and restored the cross to the coffin of his master. The story is

complicated by Cossard's tricky excursions into the devious byways of French finance and politics. It is not always easy to follow, but it is a brilliant piece of fiction.

A WOMAN IN EXILE. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

In spite of the end of the story, where Lucy Cowlard admits herself to be absorbed, after twenty years, by California, Mr. Vachell does not efface one's first impression that international marriages as he sees them are a mistake. He has made Lucy, to be sure, a rather poor specimen of the British race in exile. She is sweet, she is dutiful to her loving American husband; but her attempts to bring up her children in England are not a little lacking in common sense. Her national sensitiveness among a people traditionally prejudiced against England is explicable, and is cleverly treated. "A Woman in Exile" has so much sympathy, and treats both Americans and English with so much charity, that patriots on both sides should read it to their mutual advantage. It will not alter the American opinion that Sunny Jims, who sponge on their wives and are gracefully reprobate, are common specimens of the British aristocracy. And that is a pity. But it tells the story of the Englishwoman who finds herself, to her astonishment, a foreigner in America with the very considerable art of Mr. Vachell. It is too daintily handled to be labelled a novel with a purpose; but people who are seeking for instruction on some Anglo-American problems might do worse than accept it, whipped to a cream and attractively garnished, in "A Woman in Exile."

THE WINDBLOW MYSTERY. By EDWARD GELLIBRAND. (Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)

A spice of the supernatural never comes amiss in a mystery novel. Sixty years ago the ghosts had it all their own way. Edward Gellibrand gives them fair, but not preferential, treatment in "The Windblow Mystery." If the prologue does not produce that gooseflesh feeling, the people who are usually ravished by eerie situations must be hard to please. Its effects should be, undoubtedly, to draw the appreciative reader closer to the fire, with glances at dark corners and the door handle. You may guess pretty soon

(and correctly) who is at the bottom of the Windblow hauntings; but your interest is kept at high pitch until the final disclosure. It takes a group of cool-headed and persistent young men to find out why four persons in succession, though at considerable intervals, were found hanging by their necks in the cupboard of the haunted chamber; and the courage of the hunters, no less than the ingenuity of the hunted, enhances the excitement of the chase. It is not everyone who would volunteer to pursue a strange blue light in the deserted wing of a Tudor mansion. This is an admirable story for the winter season.

In drawing attention to interesting cases of kittiwake gulls crossing the Atlantic from England to Canada, the Editor of *British Birds* desires to make it known that his readers have placed rings on the legs of over 170,000 wild birds during the last seventeen years. Each ring is stamped "Wetherby, High Holborn, London," and bears a distinctive number. Any person finding a bird bearing such a ring is asked to communicate at once details of the number and the date and place of the finding or capture of the bird to the address named, in order that its migration and other history may be recorded.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide, 1927," is now on sale, at 7s. 6d. net, post free. This volume is one of the most useful of reference books, as it contains a complete list of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in London, together with the telephone numbers. It has been published annually for over 100 years, and is well known for its accuracy and for the simplicity and clarity of its arrangement. In addition to the list of houses and their occupiers, the Blue Book supplies much useful information, including lists of the Royal Households, the Members of the Upper and of the Lower House, the principal clubs in London and the Government Offices. A theatre guide and a list of golf courses in the home counties, together with the names of their secretaries and the amount of subscription and green-fee charged, and the nearest railway stations, are other sections of the book, which may be considered indispensable to anyone residing in London.



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RADIO NOTES.

YET another radio conquest has been achieved by the inauguration on Friday, Jan. 7, of the Transatlantic radio-telephone service, which enables any telephone subscriber in London to exchange speech with any New York subscriber. The service was opened at 1.30 p.m. by conversation between Sir Evelyn Murray (Secretary of the British General Post Office) and Mr. Gifford (President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company), and then the new means of communication between offices or homes over 3000 miles apart became available to the public.

Amongst the first calls to be made was one from Mr. A. S. Ochs, proprietor of the *New York Times*, to the Editor of the *Times*, London, and speech was exchanged successfully in both directions. It is interesting to record that during his conversation Mr. Ochs was photographed. The photograph was transmitted by radio, and a reproduction appeared in the *Times* (London) on the following morning.

Although one may telephone to New York by calling the local exchange in the usual way, the technical arrangements for the actual transmission and reception of speech are intricate. When making a call to New York, a London subscriber's telephone is connected by land line to Rugby transmitting station. At Rugby the speech current passes through numerous valves and other apparatus, and then is transmitted by radio (wave-length, 6000 metres) across the Atlantic Ocean to the American receiving station at Houlton (Maine). There the voice in its electrical form is passed along ordinary telephone wires over a distance of six hundred miles, until it reaches New York Trunk Exchange, and so to the subscriber with whom conversation is being held. The speech of one's friend in New York passes through the New York Trunk Exchange, which is connected by land line to the American transmitting station at Rocky Point, Long Island, whence the "speech" is flashed by radio to the British receiving station at Wroughton, Somerset, and then passed along telephone wires to London Trunk Exchange, and so to the listener. Although



TELEPHONY BETWEEN LONDON AND NEW YORK: ONE OF THE GREAT VALVES THROUGH WHICH "SPEECH" IS PASSED BEFORE IT IS FLASHED BY RADIO FROM RUGBY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The two valves afford an interesting comparison between the small one as used in broadcast receiving sets, and the larger, which is one of thirty-three used at Rugby Radio Station for transmitting telephone conversations from London to New York. As explained in the accompanying article, it is now possible for telephone subscribers in London and New York to speak to each other from their homes or offices.

the speech travels such a roundabout and vast distance, the words are heard at either end practically simultaneously with delivery.

At present the rate charged for telephoning from London to New York is £15 for a conversation lasting three minutes, plus £5 per extra minute, with a limit of six minutes for each call.

Germany's most powerful broadcasting station at Langenberg, whose tests have been heard for some time past, commenced regular transmissions last week. Langenberg will be found on 468.8 metres, and should be easy to receive almost anywhere in the British Isles with three, or even two, valves. The new station is being used especially for relaying transmissions at great strength from Cologne, Dortmund, and other German stations. In London, with three valves (H.F., Det., L.F.) and an indoor aerial, Langenberg is as loud as Daventry.

On Monday next, Jan. 17, Professor G. Elliot Smith will broadcast from London a talk entitled "The Movements of Living Animals." The fifth of the B.B.C. International Chamber Concerts, relayed from Grottrian Hall, London, will be broadcast on Tuesday, Feb. 1, and will consist of contemporary Czech-Slovakian music played by the Zika Quartet. Pianoforte solos will be played by Erwin Schulhoff, whose style has been described as being between Stravinsky's and Schonberg's. On Feb. 2, a Jewish Concert, with items in Yiddish, will be broadcast from 7.45 to 8.45 p.m.

With the aid of a screwdriver and pliers, it is easy to construct a novel three-valve set which will give ample volume of any local station or Daventry on a loud-speaker without distortion—and at comparatively low cost. The set is known as the "R. C. Threesome," and embodies the "resistance-capacity" method for amplification, instead of transformers. Full particulars with diagrams are contained in a booklet, issued gratis and post free, by the Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., 123-125, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.



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